The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1906.

The Week.

Advocates of Government ownership of "the means of production and transportation" are getting excellent object-lessons these days. The failure of the Government at its Brooklyn navy yard to build the battleship Connecticut as rapidly as her sister ship, the Louisiana, was constructed in private yards—despite most unusual exertions—has been widely commented on. Now, after fourteen years of experimenting, the Government has awarded to a private concern the contract for printing postage stamps. This has been done at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, whose bids were regularly below cost. This fact led many people to believe that the work was being done far more cheaply by the Government than it could be by a private concern. But these people failed to note that every year Congress made up the difference by a special deficiency appropriation. As soon as Congress compelled the Bureau of Engraving to compete with private firms on a fair basis, the American Banknote Company walked off with the business. Some day this country may decide to own all its railroads. If so, it will only be because the evils of private ownership it seeks to alleviate are less endurable than an inferior and a costlier service, to say nothing of the political danger of placing a million or more employees on the Government payroll.

A bill taxing educational institutions is pending before the Massachsetts Legislature. President Eliot, G. Stanley Hall, and other prominent university men, have appeared before the Committee on Taxation to oppose it. Dr. Eliot showed that in Cambridge the tax rate was lower than in places where there was no university. The town has $25,000,000 of exempted property, with a tax-rate last year of $19, whereas Lowell, with only $3,000,000 of exempted property, has a tax rate of $20.20. President Hall said that Clark University had no income from the students, and if the bill were passed would have to curtail its work. Those Western States which support their own universities seem ignorant of the great discovery of Massachusetts statesmen, that the way to foster education is to tax it.

An example of the efficiency of agricultural colleges is afforded at Fort Collins, Colorado, where $4,000 was paid out last year to the students for working at the school itself. The entire class of 1907 has already been engaged by the president of a Chicago iron company to work on his plantation in Mexico, upon which there are 1,000 cows, a dairy farm, and 1,000 hogs to be looked after, 40,000 acres of land to be irrigated, and 130,000 acres to be cultivated. Thomas Jefferson was the first American to urge the importance of such schools. Writing in 1803, he deplored the overcrowding of the trades and of the learned professions. He recommended that a professorship of agriculture should be established in every college. "The same artificial means," he wrote, "which have been used to produce a competition in learning may be equally successful in restoring agriculture to its primary dignity in the eyes of men. It is a science of the very first order." In hoping that the subject would one day have an honored place in the curriculum, he thought that more men might be induced to undertake the "labors of the field." He would have been confirmed in this opinion if he could have foreseen the vast expansion of the West.

If the project for consolidating the art collections of John G. Johnson, William M. Elkins, and P. A. B. Widener is carried out, Philadelphia will possess a museum superior to anything in America, and inferior only to those of the European capitals. Since the contents of the proposed museum are already amply provided, and there is lacking merely a proper site and building, we cannot doubt that these will be promptly furnished. The quality of these great collections should make an irresistible appeal to public spirit. One can hardly imagine such a gift being declined. If it were, as many American cities would strive for this great gallery of paintings as Grecian towns for the honor of claiming Homer as son. Since there is no published catalogue of the Johnson collection, the largest of the three, and the catalogues of Mr. Widener's and Mr. Elkins's pictures are some years out of date, any numerical estimate of the gift must be of the roughest sort. Reckoning the pictures at twenty-five hundred, about half of which were painted before the year 1800, we shall be on the conservative side. But numbers give very little impression of the value of the gift. In the Early Flemish school there will be such a notable series as the two Van Eycks, Van der Weyden, Memling, Gerard David, Old Breughel, Teniers, Rubens, and Van Dyck. In northern Italian painting will be represented the Vivarini, Mantegna, Crivelli, Giovanni Bellini, Moroni, Moretto of Brescia—all by fine examples. English painting is exemplified by important canvases of Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Turner, and Constable. Dutch painting will afford the most remarkable display. One may mention several portraits of Frans Hals's best, the landscapists Ruysdael and Hobbema, a long series of the little masters, including the rarest, Vermeer of Delft, and, finally, something like a dozen Rembrandts, all fine, and representing him in nearly every phase of activity. We must pass over the excellent Renaissance sculpture owned by Mr. Widener, and the very important pictures of the modern schools in all three collections. Suffice it to say that the suggested museum will have several of Puvis's small studies for his best mural paintings, and will not ignore Böcklin. In short, from an art-historical standpoint, there will be no serious gaps, except in the Early French school and in American painting. This mere outline of the new gallery suffices to show how fortunate Philadelphia is in a benevolent triple alliance of enlightened art collectors.

The newest Concert of Europe, so the dispatches affirm, is to be an alliance to prevent the exportation of its best art to America. The Kaiser is given as the unofficial patron; Dr. Bode of the Berlin Museum, who in times past has not a little aided in the exportation of fine pictures from Europe, is said to be actively enlisted in the movement. What will be the practical method of embargo, is not stated. One can hardly imagine the Pacca edict extended to all Europe. Even the plan mooted in England of listing all important works of art, and in case of sale giving the Government a right of purchase at an official appraisal, seems hardly likely to prevail. As a matter of fact, we judge that the movement will simmer down to an organized expression of defiance to the American millionaire collector—a personage who hardly deserves such rough treatment. He has bought thousands of putative old masters at top prices, for every genuine example he has snapped up with the aid of his moneybags. For his few triumphs he has paid dearly. On the whole topic much nonsense is talked. If we have had collectors of the grade of H. O. Havemeyer of this city, John G. Johnson of Philadelphia, and Mrs. John L. Gardner of Boston, no American collector has had the same fortunate combination of money, taste, and opportunity that has gone to make the galleries of Dr. Ludwig Mond in London or of the late Rodolphe Kann in Paris. Moreover, if many fine pictures have come over here, so have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many returned to Europe. The late W. C. Whitney's Raphael is in the hands of a London dealer; Joseph Jefferson's fine early Rembrandt went back to Holland; many other good canvases—one recalls particularly a Van Dyck of the Genoese period—have been resold abroad. In short, a kind of equilibrium is establishing itself, and American collectors have sufficient cause for self-congratulation without accepting themselves quite at the valuation of European alarmists.

That a tax on art should be rejected in France is less surprising than that it should be proposed. When M. Poincaré suggested a rate of 20 per cent. on importations of art objects produced before the nineteenth century, he was undoubtedly driven to such an expedient by the difficulty of balancing the budget. It is noteworthy that there was no thought of protection in the plan. The French collector was to be allowed to prefer Zorn, Mancini, or Zuloaga to the painters of Paris, without being mulcted for his taste. But even as a revenue measure the scheme has evidently seemed abhorrent, for the budget committee has rejected it. If the French Ministry is unwilling to profit by a tax on education, which is justifiable on fiscal grounds, what shall be said of ourselves who retain the mediæval schedule, although it is relatively unproductive and the surplus grows apace?

The unfavorable vote in the House of Lords, Monday, on a section of the Education Bill is the beginning of the struggle between the Liberal Ministry and that body. It is upon the Peers that the Conservatives rely to block the measures of the Campbell-Bannerman Government, and it will take all the skill and patience of the Prime Minister to overcome the obstacles in his path without resorting to vigorous coercive measures, such as the creation of a large number of Liberal Peers for the express purpose of putting through the legislation for which the House of Commons has voted. Besides the Education Bill, four others are awaiting the action of the Lords. They are of comparatively small importance, since they relate to the sale of intoxicating liquors in Ireland, marriage with foreigners, marine insurance, and notices of accidents in mines, factories, and workshops. A very important measure that has passed the second reading in the House is the Trades Disputes bill, which makes trades-unions a favored class in the eyes of the law. It is causing so much resentment among certain Liberals that they are as eager for the opposition of the Peers to its progress as they are zealous for the passage of the Education Bill. But that the Ministry will have its way in the end seems certain; meanwhile, outsiders will be interested to see just how far the agitation against the House of Lords, led by such radical Liberals as Lloyd George, will go. That gentleman persists in irreverently calling the Lords "old iron that ought to be scrapped."

The woman suffragists, whose rowdyism was the scandal of the opening of the English Parliament, are doing their cause a vast amount of harm. To appeal for the power to participate in the government of the country is eminently within their right, but the appeal should at least be accompanied by some proof that the petitioners set store by that law and order which is the basis of every government. Every such outbreak—and there have been far too many—covers with chagrin those leaders who deprecate the resort to violence. Yet even this disturbance illustrates clearly how great is the desire for the extension of the suffrage. Every London newspaper contains news of the campaign now being carried on with extraordinary fertility of resource and determination. Not a week goes by without its important meetings. Indeed, were there one-half the enthusiasm and vigor displayed by the advocates of woman's suffrage in this country, the issue would be so pressing that politicians could not afford to dodge it. The latest triumph of the English agitators is to obtain an audience for a deputation with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith, who, next to Mr. Bryce, is the strongest Cabinet opponent of woman's suffrage.

The question whether men or women have the higher sense of honor has been under discussion in the National Union of Woman Workers in England. One of the speakers—men were not allowed in the debate—accused her sex of a tendency to cheat at cards, to make false boasts concerning their home affairs, to eavesdrop, and to read other people's letters. A representative of Newnham College held that the public expected a lower sense of honor in women than in men. But psychologists say that it is not the sense of honor which is lacking in women, in comparison with men. It is, rather, emotional equilibrium and self-restraint. This is illustrated by the fact that hysteria is far more common among women than among men. It has been recently shown that this nervous affection is analogous in its expression to the imaginative games of children, being a morbid form of playfulness with no deliberate intention to deceive. Doubtless, in the past, so little responsibility has been put upon women—if we except that early incident in Eden—that it is difficult for them to keep their feelings out of matters where feeling is out of place.

The problem of dealing with the unemployed has been solved at a stroke by two borough councillors of Lambeth. Let the borough laborers work, instead of eight hours, four; pay them the same wages as before; thus twice as many hands will be employed without reducing any one's comfort. Evidently, the process can be carried out indefinitely, until the Borough of Lambeth hires all the labor and pays pretty much all the wages in the United Kingdom. No one has yet raised the sordid consideration of merely supplying the money. Indeed, the thought is sacrilege. The city fathers of Lambeth are absolutely single-minded. They will take care of the unemployed, and somebody else must provide the means. The principle of the right of employment at a living wage has seldom been advocated with such simplicity.

Edmund Gosse's inaugural address before the London Library Assistants' Association contained much good sense. After a word of caution respecting the danger lest the librarian become a merely mechanical classifier and arranger, he spoke of the dignity of books, and the care of them which was demanded. During the Middle Ages strict library rules were enforced to prevent injury and defilement of paper and binding. It was forbidden to cut pages with knives which had been used at the table, and also to "eat fruit and cheese" over the book itself. It is inexpedient, he continued, to be too magisterial in the choice of library literature. Bad books will not prove to be attractive; as a rule they are "false, dull, sentimental, and claptrap." But the managers of libraries should not flatter readers too much, especially by giving out statistics as to authors most in demand, and books most often asked for. Thus bad taste is disseminated. It still seems hard to determine what shall be done with apparently useless books. Mr. Gosse thinks with the late Sir Leslie Stephen, that they should be destroyed or that special libraries should be instituted for them. It is, however, difficult to make a just discrimination. What is called "the general reader" is a capricious animal, and "the special reader" is one whose habits and eccentricities no librarian can fathom or be sure of meeting.

The slight excitement caused by the retirement of a veteran Foreign Minister like Count Goluchowski is a fine testimonial to the stability of Austrian foreign policy. Baron Aehrenthal will presumably continue along the traditional lines. In many respects it is strange that there should be comparatively so little interest in the politics of the pivotal state of Europe. For this in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difference one may account partly by the fact that the internal dissensions of the Dual Monarchy have been absorbing, at the expense of international concerns. In any case, the only substantial contribution of Austria-Hungary to internationalism, since the striking pacification of Herzegovina, has been the alliance with Russia for preservation of stability in the Balkans. As judged by its practical effects in Macedonia, this *entente* cannot be called a brilliant success. It is, however, at least a more responsible guarantor of future peace than that concatenation of inactivities miscalled the European Concert. One may assume that Count Aehrenthal will, like his predecessor, maintain a pacific and rather negative attitude towards Western Europe, while reasserting, as occasion offers, the ulterior claims of Austria in the Balkan Peninsula.

The Spanish Ministry has introduced a bill providing for "cult associations" after the much-discussed French type. This is the beginning of an attempt to revise the present treaty with the Vatican, and the movement, subject to the uncertainties of politics, is to include religious education, the marriage and burial questions, and the control of the religious orders—in fine, a general subordination of the Church to the State. The attempt is of especial interest, because its reception by the Vatican will reveal the true attitude of the Pope towards the similar movement in France. The Spanish Government and the Vatican are in continuous diplomatic relations, and presumably each stage in the revision of the laws concerning the Church will be thoroughly discussed. If the Pope, then, should countenance the Spanish cult associations, it would show that his opposition to similar bodies in France was due not to any canonical principle, but to a sense that his ecclesiastical dignity had been slighted. The Encyclical of August was vague, and if the deadlock between France and the Vatican is of a personal sort, there may yet be hope of an adjustment. M. Clemenceau should be able to find ways of soothing the offended sensibilities. Meantime, the success of anti-clerical legislation in ultra-Catholic Spain must remain in doubt.

The anti-militarist agitation in France finds an echo in Germany, at a time when the accession of Clemenceau is regarded as rendering relations between the two countries more difficult. A writer in the Berlin *Vorwärts* has calculated that of the three million men comprising the German army on a war footing the Socialists may claim one million. The truth of this assertion has been challenged by a good part of the German press. These newspapers draw a distinction between mere weak sympathizers with Socialism, whose numbers are admittedly large, and actual adherents of collectivist principles, fanatic to the extent of braving military law and trial for high treason. No doubt, so runs the argument, at the call to arms, such new-fangled ideas as "internationalism" will be swept away by the old spirit of soldierly obedience, that *Treuheit* which is the pride of the Teutonic race. Isolated cases of disloyalty may occur, but the authorities will undoubtedly be prepared to deal with them as they arise, or, rather, true to the traditions of the German General Staff, a little before they arise. It is not impossible that the proper cells and jailers have already been designated for Messrs. Bebel, Singer, and Kautsky. But though the press may be right in holding that the claims of Socialists as to influence in the army are exaggerated, their power for harm cannot be denied, once the possibility of even partial disloyalty is admitted. The strength of the German army is in its mechanically perfect organization and discipline. If doubt of the absolute coherence of its parts do but enter, that splendid engine must lose, if not in actual effectiveness, certainly something in prestige.

The course of reform in Russia, as observers have noted, is thwarted by a too vivid consciousness of the French Revolution. Recalling Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre, the leaders of the Duma feared to achieve less than their illustrious exemplars; while the Czar, we are told, refuses to make the obviously necessary concessions because he has before his eyes the fate of Louis XVI. But modern politics hark back even to the classical examples. Tyrannicide is recrudescent in Russia, and Harmodius and Brutus are its avowed patrons. The feeling is illustrated by an incident which fell under the eye of a special correspondent of the London *Times*. Having occasion to examine the albums of many students, he found them usually made up of portraits of assassins. Here is the "Pantheon" of a young girl of seventeen:

> On the first page was a photograph of a painting which was entitled "Prove thyself worthy," and which represented a girl thrusting into the hands of her lover a revolver with which he was to go forth and—assassinate. The second page was adorned with a sketch of a Roman in whom I was supposed to recognize—Brutus! Then followed photographs of Kalayeff, who assassinated the Grand Duke Serge; of Sozonoff, who assassinated Plehve, and of many others—assassins all—"of whom the time would fail me to tell"; and the *pièce de résistance* was the photograph of a modest maiden—Marie Spiridonova. On the fly-leaf of the album was writen in English:
>
> Lives of great ones all remind me
> I can make my life sublime.

Evidently this girl is ready for tyrannicide of the classical type as an exalted public duty.

Writing on "Exchanges in Social Life," M. Paulhan in the *Revue Philosophique*, considers sentiment and its expression as commodities. He discusses the question whether a material value can be put definitely upon emotions, so that they may be compared in terms of money. It is plain that sensations have a real value, as may be seen by the prices charged in restaurants. Æsthetic emotions also have a money equivalent, for we pay to hear music or to see pictures. To a certain extent, higher emotions than those caused by a satisfied appetite are thought to be worth paying for. Good health, which makes life easy and prosperous, may depend not only on the advice of a doctor, but on his interest and sentimental earnestness in the case. The pecuniary worth of certain friendships is also easily estimated. Even the ordinary courtesies observed in trade and other kinds of business have an appreciable value, although a shifting scale of charges for such things would have to be made, if they were included in the bill. An excellent example of emotional exchange is furnished by the arrangements of married life. Compromises, arrangements, plans of agreement, even quarrels, lead up to an adjustment not unlike a trade-bargain. Many of these "affective" exchanges are subordinated to social interest in general, as, for example, in patriotism, where services are rendered in return for the benefit which is derived from belonging to a certain nation. There is, however, danger in this kind of nice calculation, lest good-will, good words, and good acts come to be regarded as marketable commodities.

The old complaint that Americans abroad are indifferent linguists is echoed by our consul at Venice. Even the college graduate who knows the literatures of European nations is seldom able to speak their languages. The consul calls attention to the Royal School of Commerce in Venice, where, after a year's study, the pupils are able to understand English and to speak it fairly well. Among American graduates there are, we believe, more who could give a list of Goethe's plays, or explain the origin of the French language, than there are who could read with ease the German and French newspapers, or carry on a simple conversation in a foreign tongue. Yet for one man who needs a knowledge of philology and the history of literature, there are hundreds who would be the better for acquaintance with colloquial French and German. It was Charles V. of Spain who said that to know an additional language was to be a new man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE JAPANESE PROTEST.

The irritation of the Japanese over the exclusion of children of that race from the schools of San Francisco has become a serious matter—so serious that President Roosevelt has thought it worth while to dispatch a member of his Cabinet, Victor H. Metcalf, to the Pacific Coast to investigate the trouble. Yet to those irresponsible agitators who have endeavored to induce the United States to treat the Japanese as it has the Chinese, Japan's official protest against discrimination in the schools will smack only of impudence. For a nation of yellow people to arrogate unto itself the methods of civilized Powers in protecting its citizens against wrongs suffered abroad is the purest insolence. Why talk of treaties and treaty rights? Is not the Japanese an Asiatic; is he not accustomed to living on six cents a day at home? Are not his morals open to criticism, and is not his honesty questioned? As for our national pledges—we had a treaty with China, but the Supreme Court held that Congress could violate it at pleasure.

The Chinese, however, have not until recently been in a position to show effective resentment. Last winter, they started a boycott on American goods, and a different tone was assumed by the representative of the Chinese Government; and a more vigorous policy in future is the inevitable result of the Chinese awakening. The Japanese, flushed by success in one of the world's notable wars, conscious of extraordinary development as a nation, cannot be expected to sit by calmly and see their subjects treated with contumely. With a civilization in some ways superior to our own, they can hardly be blamed if they cry out against what the Japanese minister called the subjection to indignities of "poor, innocent, little Japanese children."

The Japanese Minister was quick to say he is aware that the San Francisco discrimination is purely local, but that fact, he added, can hardly be understood by his countrymen. Particularly, we fancy, in view of the formation of an association in California to bring about the exclusion of all Japanese. He cannot readily explain that, the Chinese issue no longer being available as a stepping-stone to office, an unscrupulous California editor began an anti-Japanese campaign a couple of years ago, for the purpose of winning a seat in the United States Senate. Were the mass of the Japanese people familiar with our internal affairs, they would realize that this aspiring statesman was merely imitating numerous Southern politicians who, in default of any other issue, raise a hullabaloo about negro domination. Down with the Japanese! is not quite so effective a cry as Denis Kearney's shrieks against the Chinese used to be, because there are not yet one hundred thousand Japanese in all the United States; still, it may serve the purpose with professional labor agitators and ignorant voters.

The common arguments—if so they may be dignified—were summed up by Representative E. A. Hayes of California, who in Congress last March made a long attack upon the Japanese. Mr. Hayes explained that, while there are some good and pure Japanese men and women—a "small minority"—the nation is really far gone in licentiousness; that concubinage is rife in Japan; that all Japanese are native-born liars and quite untrustworthy in business; and that their new civilization is merely a veneer. Of course, Mr. Hayes made much of the complaint about cheap labor. In his view, the landing of 76,000 Japanese since 1900 constitutes a "most real and impending danger to the material and moral welfare" of the people of California. He told of 2,000 Japanese picking fruit in Santa Cruz County, where white girls used to pluck the berries before. Convinced that 2,750,000 Japanese are now plotting to descend upon us and "sweep the entire country west of the Rocky Mountains clean of white laborers," Mr. Hayes was naturally urgent that the bill before the last Congress to extend the provisions of the Chinese exclusion act to all Japanese and Koreans should be passed. He indulged in this kind of claptrap in spite of the fact that the whole Pacific Coast is suffering for lack of labor. The development of all its industries is retarded for want of hands. An immediate influx of from fifty to one hundred thousand Chinese and Japanese would be a great blessing.

That the protest of the Japanese is in accordance with their treaty rights is indisputable. Were the boot on the other foot, we know how quickly an indignant State Department would rise up on behalf of injured Americans. Unfortunately, Mr. Roosevelt cannot promise Viscount Aoki the discontinuance of the San Francisco discrimination. In like manner the United States Government was helpless after the New Orleans massacre of Italians in 1891. Unless Congress passes a statute in execution of the treaty with Japan, all that Mr. Roosevelt can do is to beseech California to mend her ways.

That State will do well to heed the warning, and allow no temporary exigencies, such as the plea that fire has destroyed schoolhouses, to alienate Japan. Trade with that country is one of its and the nation's great assets, an asset that ought to increase in value. Viewed from a broader aspect, the friendship of Japan is something the United States cannot afford to throw away. Count Okuma has just said that the United States and Japan "are the two great powers in the new world of the future." There should be no misunderstandings between them.

MUSEUM EXTENSION IN SCHOOLS.

H. G. Wells, the Socialist critic of things American, tells how, attending the meeting of a Boston literary club, he was obsessed by the conviction that the mind of the world was dead, and he sought relief by tramping the streets for an hour or so. We do not know whether his evening walk took him past the Museum of Fine Arts, or as far as Simmons College or Harvard University. In any case, the sight of any of these institutions ought to have reassured him as to the mind of Boston, if not of the world. These three bodies are associated in a novel and interesting alliance, descriptively but rather cumbrously entitled a Committee for the Utilization of Museums of Art by Schools and Colleges. President Eliot of Harvard is chairman of the committee, President Lefavour of Simmons College, vice-chairman. M. S. Prichard has resigned the acting directorship of the Museum of Fine Arts to accept the secretaryship. The work surely could be under no better personal or official auspices.

Before noting what is peculiar in this new step, we should recall briefly other forms of art propaganda in the schools. For many years public-spirited committees and individuals have sought to place in the public schools fine reproductions of the best works of art. This practice is very common in the cities. Free lectures, such as are conducted by Columbia University and by university extension committees generally, have given much attention to the criticism and history of art. Something of the sort is done incidentally by the schools of painting. Loan exhibitions are a customary and successful feature of settlement work among the poor. In all these activities the museums have played a passive part. They have, however, very generally made it easy for bodies of school children to see the collections. Such visitations are frequent, the cicerone being a volunteer enthusiast, a public-school teacher, or, more frequently, perhaps, a preceptress in a fashionable girls' school. It is this relation already established that the Boston committee desires to improve and extend.

A little observation of parties of school children, in the Metropolitan Museum, for example, will show that these visits are often discouragingly unprofitable. Museum gazing is fatiguing at best, and when youngsters are solemnly marched about by one who has little more knowledge than they, and no means of expressing the collective feeling, the performance, however well-meaning, is not very useful. What children, and for that matter most grown-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ups, need in art museums is intelligent and eager guidance. This it is that the Boston committee hopes to provide; accordingly, it will for the present concentrate its efforts upon educating and stimulating school teachers in matters of art. It is felt, and rightly, that the culture of the teacher is the measure of the pupil's appreciation: hence the true objective of art propaganda through the schools. For the coming season the committee has provided two sets of lectures primarily for teachers, one dealing with general and æsthetic considerations in the main branches of the arts, the second with limited fields in art history. The six lectures in the general course will be of a distinguished sort. America could afford no better trio than W. P. P. Longfellow, to treat architecture; Prof. George Santayana, sculpture; John La Farge, painting and the minor arts; while the more specific purposes of the course are represented by two educators, Prof. H. Langford Warren of Harvard, who will speak on "What May the Schools Do to Advance the Understanding of Art?" and Walter Sargent of the State Board of Education, who will discuss "Museums of Art and the Public Schools."

We have given this entire list because it is a gauge of the seriousness of the movement. The bane of similar attempts in the past has been the half-baked lecturer and the pushing amateur. Evidently, the Boston people are on their guard against both, and hold by the true democratic principle that only the best instruction is good enough for the people. This ideal is worthy of imitation, for there is such a prodigious deal of mere vaporing in matters artistic as to produce a veritable disgust with the word and the thing. We trust that the affiliation between Columbia University, the National Academy, and the Metropolitan Museum—a compact primarily for academic purposes—will also result in increasing the amount of popular instruction in art, and in materially raising its quality.

For those who are more immediately concerned with the museums than with the schools, the implications of the Boston movement are very interesting. It is no secret that either through its curators or through its accredited representatives the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is planning to undertake direct instruction in the history and appreciation of art. Such *viva-voce* teaching, in the presence of the very objects of study, is surely the ideal, whether for the professional student or for the casual enthusiast. To have been a *Peripatetiker* in the Berlin Museum with Ernst Curtius, or to have heard August Mau descant on Greco-Roman painting at Naples, is one of the rare privileges that stick in the memory. Difficult as it is for such lecturers to find the middle course between pedantry and dilettanteism, the method is surely the humane and fruitful one. Some such undertaking, on the more modest scale suitable to youth, seems to be the logical next step at Boston—the goal, indeed, wherever lovers of art are trying to make our art museums more directly serviceable to the people through the schools.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

Almost as much advice is given indirectly to the aged as is given directly to the young. The question is asked openly, "What shall we do with our boys?" But a question, as pressing in many cases, though never put above a whisper, is, "What can we do with old men and old women?" Possibly, the objects of the latter inquiry, conscious of their sclerotic vessels and rheumatic joints, may themselves have misgivings about their function in the social economy. To them it may seem as if there were danger that the term "tristis senectus" of the Roman poet might be adopted now. In the mere matter of prolonging life, those who are getting old have a fair idea of their duty in avoiding draughts, unwholesome diet, and undue excitement. Growing old, however, would not be so serious a business if one could only do it usefully, comfortably, and gracefully.

In the *Revue Scientifique*, Dr. Bridou makes some suggestions about the mode in which men may avoid the evils of degeneracy, when the body begins to fail, and the sun is in the west. There is a correspondence between each step in the advancing years and certain habits and processes of mind and body. For example, the child is naturally restless, turbulent, and playful; these are signs of good health. But the gestures and acts of children, if observed in old men, are symptoms of sickly excitement, physical disorder, and disintegration. When the practices of youth are adopted or retained by age, we recognize that there is retrogression, which means relaxation of one's hold on life. But if, with advancing years, emotions are concentrated on higher things and infantile diffusions are avoided, there will be self-control and moral health. Men who like Bismarck are active in the affairs of state, or who like Lord Kelvin have their attention engaged upon new discoveries in science, feel chiefly the physical disadvantages of advancing years, but their minds have the vigor of youth.

This is a fact which few old people recognize, and so they must expect *une fin maussade et rancunière*. It is really not by the affectation of youth that old age is to preserve itself from degeneracy and senile imbecility. The sprightly old lady who dyes her hair, paints her face, smiles away the downward droop of her mouth, and dresses like a débutante; the old *viveur* who believes that by keeping his youthful vices he conceals his advancing years, who, being no longer gratified by the return of passion, seeks to escape the horror of disenchantment by reverting to the indulgences but not to the joys of youth—these people are unconsciously out of step with the music. The imitation of the *élan* and impulse of youth seems at the moment sane and healthy, but it indicates a growing moral incapacity.

In America, the aged are at a peculiar disadvantage. They have to leave the course long before the stretch is in sight. Churches are seldom offered to clergymen, retainers to lawyers, surgical operations to doctors, after they have passed the grand climacteric. Their advice is sought because of their experience, but their active days are almost done. In the Old World they have a better chance. The septuagenarian may be seen mounted in Rotten Row; here he is fortunate to be pushed by the elbow into a cab. There are many white-haired men sitting in Parliament as in the Reichstag, still active in the service of an empire—in striking contrast to certain Senators here who retain their seats, but seem too old or too feeble-minded to resign. Their experience, which is their one precious possession, is useless because of the atrophy of the faculties.

Plato, , fine passage in "The Republic," anticipates the theory of Dr. Bridou. In reply to Socrates, who asks whether life grows harder as the end approaches, the aged Cephalus says: "Old men assemble, . . . and at our meetings, my friends tell me, 'I cannot eat, I cannot drink, the pleasures of youth and love are gone.'" Yet he concludes that in old age there is a feeling of calm and freedom when the passions relax their hold. For it is then, as Sophocles says, that there has been escape from the control, not of one mad master, but of many. Regrets and futile desires lie in the characters and tempers of men, "for he who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age." With the development of this same idea in Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" all our readers are familiar—

> Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

We must admit, however, that such advice to the old is very apt to meet the fate of that offered to the young. Indeed, any moralist exhorting the aged ought to do so in the spirit of the philosopher who said that he never gave advice except when he knew it would not be taken.

NEW LIGHT ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

A great gathering of ecclesiastics was present on October 9 at the consecration of the church which has been erected at The Oratory, Birmingham, in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honor of Cardinal Newman. The Archbishop of Westminster said in his sermon that it had been but right for Catholics to "appeal to the whole English-speaking world" to help in erecting this memorial to Newman. It might well be that Protestants would be glad to unite in a tribute to a man who was a religious genius and a master of style. Indeed, Newman the writer seems destined to live longer than Newman the ecclesiastic. Many who cannot follow his reasoning, yet feel the spell of his English in printed sermons which still have power to make the hearts of readers burn within them, as did his spoken words the hearts of the Oxford undergraduates in St. Mary's in the early days of the Tractarians. Men whole diameters away from Newman's theological position turn often to his "Apologia" to taste again of its simple eloquence.

Estimates of Newman the man have varied with the personal or ecclesiastical point of view. Carlyle's rough contempt for his intellect was one of the things that startled or shocked the world on Froude's publication of the "Reminiscences." Kingsley's attack on Newman's personal sincerity was terribly punished, yet there were those who had their doubts. Newman's "Grammar of Assent" did not tend to lay them; since that book could be popularly described as an attempt to show that you could believe anything if only you tried hard enough. Yet the Cardinal himself disclaimed being a controversialist. Once when a Protestant champion challenged him to a public debate, he quietly replied: "I have really no taste or aptitude for controversy, but my friends are good enough to say that I have some little skill on the violin."

It was left, however, for a co-religionist to reveal Newman in new aspects of his character. Lord Acton, the great scholar and stout Catholic, was thrown much into Newman's society, and in some of the letters just published in "Lord Acton and His Circle," there are many liftings of the curtain on Newman's private life. Acton was backing the *Rambler* and often consulted Newman about that and other Catholic periodicals. Here is a report of a conversation in 1858, when the *Rambler* was in trouble:

> I had a three hours' talk with the venerable Newman, who came out at last with his real sentiments to an extent which startled me with respect both to things and persons, as Ward, Dalgairns, etc., etc.; natural inclination of men in power to tyrannize; ignorance and presumption of would-be theologians. I did not think he would ever cast aside his diplomacy and buttonment so entirely, and was quite surprised at the intense interest he displayed in the *Rambler*. He was quite miserable when I told him the news and moaned for a long time, rocking himself backwards and forwards over the fire, like an old woman with a toothache. He thinks the move provoked both by the hope of breaking down the *R.* and by jealousy of Döllinger. He asked whether we suspected any one. He has no present advice, being ignorant of the course of such affairs in Rome, except that we should declare that we do not treat theology in our pages. He wants us to have rather more levity and profaneness, less theology and learning. A good story, he thinks, would turn away wrath, and he enjoys particularly your friendly encounters with Bentham, Combe, Buckle, and the like.

Lord Acton, to be sure, held a racy pen, yet his picture of Newman as acting like "an old woman with a toothache" suggests that all was not perfect serenity in The Oratory, after Newman's submission to Rome. On another occasion, in 1860, Acton found him a victim of the blue devils:

> I never saw Newman so much out of spirits, so distributively angry. . . . I have never heard him speak openly on affairs as in the bitterness of his spirit he spoke during the half-hour I was with him.

We are not told the objects of "Newman's wrath"; "he wished me not to repeat"; but the hint that his "vehement language" was reported to be "in substance the same that I have been hearing these nine years from Döllinger," leaves little doubt that it was the Ultramontanes with whom Newman was "distributively angry." This inference is borne out by another letter of Lord Acton's, this one written to R. H. Hutton in 1891, and only now made public by the latter's son. In it, Lord Acton said that his own impressions of Newman were based "chiefly on the years 1858 to 1864." He added:

> It happened that those were precisely the years in which a semblance came over him of what he would certainly not have called Liberalism, but which showed itself in his dubious attitude towards the temporal power, and even in the Oxford scheme and the treatment of Liguori, and which was backed by much personal aversion for Wiseman, Manning, Faber, and even Ward.

These revelations are mainly of interest as showing that a spirit like Newman's had much to brook even after he had gone over to the Roman Communion. But the dread of Liberalism which, as there is good evidence to show, first pushed him and Pusey into the Oxford Movement, was always powerful with him, and sufficed to make him acquiesce in measures to combat it, even though he disliked them. Where Acton and Döllinger openly protested against the excesses of Ultramontanism, Newman's rule was to submit. Yet Lord Acton's intimate disclosures give us fresh knowledge of how often Newman's proud soul had to lay to itself the command of "Faust"—*sollst entbehren.*

A REAL LINGUISTIC REFORM.

Critics of the simplified spelling movement have justly noted that its champions demand either too much or too little. If it is a serious question of reforming the language, a little clipping of vowels and consonants here and there produces no real effect—is, in fact, like undertaking to clean up the Augean stables with an oyster fork. Better to let things comfortably alone than to stir them up to so little effect. We share this way of thinking, and feel that there are many reforms more worth the attention of orthographic ironmasters than that of spelling. To speak candidly, we have a little reform of our own, only awaiting its subsidy, namely, the consolidation of the many disguised compounds in the English language. In the natural course of things linguistic, everybody knows, set combinations of words come to express a single idea. The process is represented on the printed page by the hyphen, the finished product by the true compound word. All this is in the interest of simplicity. We gain when a hat-rack becomes singly and indivisibly a hatrack.

But this useful tendency has halted half-way; the printed page to-day is clogged by superfluous hyphens and by phrases that are no phrases, but true compound words. Since the vocabulary of literature and the press knows no unsuccessful persons in commerce, why not write at once and plainly successfulbusinessman, conservativebanker, and the like? Similarly, since the chronicles of the bucket-shops are infra-literary and ignored, when speaking of a Wallstreetmagnate one should mention him as a greatoperator, financialpower, or moneyking. The same principle applies geographically also. A lethargic Westerner has never yet been mentioned in the newspapers; accordingly, one may dub the class generically breezywesterners. By the same token pulchritude being universal south of Mason and Dixon's line, all females between the ages of ten and seventy resident in that locality should be described as Southernbeauties, or, specifically, as Kentuckybelles. Girls generally may be sufficiently denoted as perfectgibsontypes, or, more elaborately, as thefinestproductofourwesterncivilization.

It is a striking fact that many of the phrases which need fusing into a single word apply to women. To a cynic this might suggest that the sex receives more than its share of lip-service. There is room for reflection in the fact that the well-to-do world is peopled with delightfulhostesses, who marry, however, below them, for their husbands are merely genialhosts. Except upon the funereal samplers wrought by our grandmothers, widows are, as a rule, eminently consolable, hence we need the word, dashingwidow, or the still more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alluring compound, dashingequestrienne. Popularsportsmen usually choose their mates from this class, but sometimes are unlucky enough to marry notoriousadventuresses. In the literary world these disguised compounds are even more persistent, and need more urgently to be set forth in their true unity. Passionatepoetess and talentedauthoress, soulfulnovelist, daringrealist, fearlessanalyst, will immediately occur to every frequenter of literary teas. Why should the types keep asunder what the lips invariably put together?

In politics, too, we need a unifying process. Let us call our practicalpoliticians, logicalcandidates, and favoritesons by their real names. These terms are actually as compact and single in intention as, for example, spellbinder or stumpspeaker. Professional life will afford many instances of these compounds which lie *perdus*, waiting only for the consolidating hand. Let one recall only the millions of prominentclergymen in the land, not to mention the brilliantlawyers, graveprofessors, famousartists, renownedphysicians, and, in all modesty, ablejournalists.

We have shown that this settling together of invariable combinations of words is in the good traditions of the language. One might recall Homeric precedent also. Would the coiner of "rosyfingered" as an epithet for dawn, have been content to speak of a fair maid? Since all are so by courtesy, fairmaid is as inevitable as goodman or goodwife. Again, the economic argument is not to be disregarded. An eminentstatistician who prefers to remain unknown has estimated that if all these disguised compounds were printed as the true compounds they are, the saving in white paper in the average American daily would amount to 5 per cent., in typesetting to as much, and the grandtotal of these combined economies would be annually, in the civilized world, a sufficient sum to pay all the debts of the South American republics. Nor should the dearchildren of our schools be forgotten. If these words were properly printed, the pupils of tender age would learn that these are not real adjectives and substantives, with the usual content of meaning, but simple decorations with which we festoon our shopworn nouns. To learn this early in life would save many a disillusionment later on. The notedscientist quoted above has calculated that the saving of the average child would amount to no less than a fortnight during its school course, in which time the easier complexities of simplified spelling might readily be mastered. In short, so many and cogent are the arguments for this reform that we anticipate serious opposition only from the incorrigibly conservative class of Newenglandoldmaids.

THE DANGERS OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.

"Whether the college, placed between the efficient high school and the powerful university can continue to hold its own, and still offer an education worth rewarding with a degree, is a question whose serious consideration cannot long be evaded." Thus the *Nation*, in an editorial of December 7, 1899, expressed a common doubt, and implied that the gravest danger of the small college was "the inevitable tendency of the largest institutions to grow the fastest." Two years later, President Harris of Amherst College, writing in the *Outlook*, seemed to regard that danger as the heart of the matter, when he said:

> The question of the future of the small college is whether the universities are to grow at the expense of the colleges. At present the number of men in the detached colleges of New England, upwards of 3,000, is about the same as the number of men in the two universities. Will the proportion continue the same or will it change?

Whether the small college *has* continued to hold its own; whether the tendency of the largest institutions to grow the fastest *is* inevitable; whether the proportion of the university and the college enrolment *has* changed—these are questions which can now be answered with something more than opinions. And here are the facts.

Lack of uniformity in college catalogues makes the task of extensive comparisons difficult. The figures here given represent the enrolment in the academic departments of the largest universities as furnished by their respective registrars to Columbia University. The figures for the small colleges are taken from the catalogues. Although, for the reason mentioned, it is difficult to be exact, these tables are substantially correct for December of each year. Table I. gives the enrolment for the past four years in seven small colleges of New England, with four colleges outside New England added for comparison. Table II. gives the enrolment of men students in the College of Arts of thirteen of the largest universities, except that Wisconsin is omitted, because in 1903 the A.B. degree there was suddenly made much more accessible.

TABLE I.—COLLEGES.

	'02-'03.	'03-'04.	'04-'05.	'05-'06.	P.C.
Amherst	385	408	406	455	18
Bowdoin	275	277	280	289	5
*Dartmouth	683	780	963	963	40
Trinity	114	118	148	165	44
Tufts	309	303	349	379	22
Wesleyan	312	315	292	321	2
Williams	381	417	434	448	17
Colgate	172	178	227	246	43
Haverford	117	127	140	138	18
Swarthmore	206	226	243	280	36
Wash. and Lee	270	310	340	375	39
Total	3,224	3,459	3,822	4,059	+20.59

TABLE II.—UNIVERSITIES.

Boston	451	456	455	432	−4
Chicago	613	569	604	750	22
Columbia	484	493	527	557	15
†Cornell	783	726	672	694	−12
Harvard	2,107	2,077	2,005	1,898	−10
Indiana	609	602	590	493	−19
†Johns Hopkins	162	158	186	188	16
Michigan	662	742	729	886	34
Minnesota	491	470	470	470	−4
Missouri	318	284	305	319	0.3
Nebraska	407	330	315	263	−35
Princeton	758	732	665	629	−16
Yale	1,205	1,251	1,286	1,323	9
Total	9,050	8,890	8,809	8,902	−1.66

*Mainly in the scientific departments. †Men and women.

Now, we can answer the questions asked by President Harris four years ago. The answer is that in the past four years Harvard and Yale in their academic departments show a net loss of 91; while these seven small colleges for the same period show a net gain of 561. Or, if we regard Dartmouth as neither large nor small, the growth of the remaining six small colleges of the highest rank appears 372 better than that of the two universities. To add Bates, Colby, Clark, and Maine to Table I. would make the showing even more favorable to the small college. "The gravest danger of the small college," therefore, appears to be no danger at all.

It has been said that the loss in the academic department of the largest college of all is due rather to the growth of universities in the West than to any increasing preference of New Englanders for the small college. But two facts show the falsity of this assertion: first, the colleges of arts in the West have not grown so rapidly as the New England small colleges; second, Harvard College has suffered a decrease in the enrolment of students from New England and from Massachusetts herself. The report of the president says that at Harvard, in the undergraduate work, "there has been no durable gain in the number of students from New England or from Massachusetts, by itself, for five years past." In fact, there were 1,235 New England students at Harvard in 1900-1901, whereas in 1904-1905 the number had fallen to 1,162. In 1900-1901 there were 1,113 Massachusetts men at Harvard; in 1904-1905 there were but 1,050. It is evident that "no durable gain" is a conservative expression for actual loss. And, since, during these same years the prestige and enrolment of the graduate schools of New England universities, especially of Harvard, have measurably increased, and since the total college population and that of every small college in New England has increased, there is strong ground for concluding that, in the choice between the New England small college and the college of arts of the large university, the country is showing a stronger preference than ever before for the small college.

Two reasons which have hitherto induced men to choose the larger and older institutions have been prestige and educational advantage. But there can be no continued monopoly of either. The difference in prestige—due to age and to the fame of alumni—has been growing less with the years. Time will take care of that. It is not surprising that the great men of one hundred years ago, if they went to college at all, went to the thirty colleges then founded. William and Mary College had her Jefferson and Monroe; Harvard had her Emerson and Holmes; Bowdoin had her Hawthorne and Longfellow. But now that there are some 450 colleges in the United States, the influence of prestige in determining the choice of a college is not so conspicuously in favor of a few institutions. On the contrary, of the six universi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties which have shown the greatest net gain in the college of arts during the last four years (Wisconsin, Syracuse, Michigan, Chicago, Northwestern, and Minnesota), only two (Wisconsin and Michigan) are over fifty years old, and neither is seventy years old. Of the six which have shown the greatest net loss (Indiana, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell, Nebraska), all but two are over eighty years old. Three of the heaviest losers (Harvard, 267; Pennsylvania, 166; Princeton, 129) are among the first six colleges founded in the United States. Evidently stronger motives than age and prestige are to-day governing the choice of a college.

The other motive which has been strongest in leading men to prefer the large college to the small, namely, educational advantage, is a less and less potent factor in the choice of a college. On this point it is enough to note, without elaboration, the common arguments in behalf of the small college: that within the university under the elective system the multiplication of courses soon reaches a point beyond which the value of any considerable extension, to ninety undergraduates out of a hundred, is more apparent than real; that in the small college the instruction may be of the highest quality; and that there is a manifest gain from the smallness of the classes. These arguments, which are familiar to all readers of the *Nation*, are obviously appealing to many fathers and sons.

Not even the above comparisons, however, justify the conclusion that the small college is best for all. On the contrary, there will always be exceptional men who in a small college might so easily lead in scholarship, athletics, music, debating, and other student activities that they would need the stimulus of the keener competition with larger numbers. There will always be students whose maturity and strength of purpose are safeguards against the dangers of great numbers. There will always be a few who really want and can profit by certain courses of study which the small colleges ought not to attempt to offer. Still others there will always be whose exceptional business ability enables them to make more money during their college courses at a large institution than they could make at a small institution. But let not every boy who has found leadership easy in his preparatory school imagine that he is one of those exceptional cases. Even the small college represents the survival of the fittest in many schools.

Dangers the small college has, but not, as we have seen, in the failure to attract numbers or in the greater growth of universities. Rather the dangers lie in attracting too many students and in abortive attempts to become universities.

A first danger—attracting too many students. That college, which, for the sake of numbers, falls below the entrance standard of the colleges with which it competes, is in danger. That college which suffers its entrance requirements to become lower in fact than they are on paper, is in danger. That college which refuses to join such movements for uniform standards as the college Certificate Boards, is in danger. Such a course means temporarily to increase the enrolment, but it means permanently to lower the college standard.

A second danger—abortive attempts to become a university. The college should be fundamentally a maker of men. Its greatest source of strength lies in doing well precisely that kind of work which university conditions render more difficult. In its desire to keep up with the times and to thicken its catalogue it should not encroach on the work which is the distinctive province of the university. To provide technical training for undergraduates is to misconceive the purpose of the college. To offer such subjects to the few who wish to remain for graduate work is beyond the means of most colleges and beyond the proper scope of all. The college owes the time and highest service of its faculty to the undergraduates.

A third danger—intercollegiate athletics. In the degradation of scholarship standards for the whole college. this is a factor which all but the blind can see. Not that the athletes as a whole stand conspicuously lower in scholarship than the other students as a whole. In fact, I have just discovered from the tabulating of 18,750 ranks attained by all students in Bowdoin College for five years that the average rank of athletes and non-athletes, 77.57 and 80.37, shows less than 3 per cent. difference. A similar result I found for six other institutions. The danger lies in the influence of excessive interest in intercollegiate games on the *whole* student body; and in the influence on the minimum entrance and college requirements of the desire to win at any cost. I know of a New England college which admitted, without examination, and retained a man unfit for any college, in spite of the written protest of his fitting school that he was unprepared. The reason was that he was the brother of the football captain, whom the faculty dared not offend. A new graven image is set on the altar of the college. Of late the bold have been venturing protests; but until recently the still, small voice of scholarship has had but a sorry chance against the yelling of thirty thousand voices at a college game. Intense rivalry in athletics, the all-absorbing interest of the whole student body, particularly of those who can least afford the time and the interest, the almost fanatic enthusiasm of the public, the timidity of school and college authorities—all this makes intercollegiate athletics as they are now conducted dangerous to the small colleges. They persist in competing with universities which draw their teams from ten times the number of men, and they are constantly under pressure, from their "friends" and their own mistaken notions, to admit and retain men whose only qualification is proficiency on the diamond or gridiron.

The small college, which refuses to lower its standard from any notion of the importance of mere numbers; which devotes its energies to its own mission as the maker of men and leaves to the university its own distinct work of making specialists; which guards against the evil and employs the good in athletics; which resists the temptation to shift any considerable part of its teaching upon inexperienced, underpaid, and temporary assistants; which sees the extravagance of spending large sums for fine buildings and small sums for strong teachers; which avoids the large college tendency to substitute mechanism for personality in administration; such a college, open to the accredited graduates of every approved high school, offering a few elective courses in the most important branches of strictly college study, taught to small groups by scholars who are first men, has a place so secure and so important that all the tendencies to-day in large colleges and in professional schools are serving only to strengthen the small college against its real and supposed dangers.

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER.
Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

Correspondence.

SPENSER'S DATING OF "COLIN CLOUT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The date of "Colin Clout's Come Home Again" is important in Spenser's biography as the sole proof that he returned to his estate at Kilcolman in Ireland in 1591. At the head of the poem appears a signed letter from the author to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which he speaks of "my late being in England." The letter is dated: "From my house at Kilcolman, the 27. of December, 1591." This apparently indisputable evidence is, however, confronted by the date of the "Daphnaïda." It will be remembered that, according to the old style, then in use, January was the eleventh and not the first month of the year. Spenser dates his dedicatory letter prefixed to the "Daphnaïda," "London, this first of January, 1591"—five days later than the date of "Colin Clout."

No one imagines that Spenser returned to London immediately after sending "Colin Clout," and composed the "Daphnaïda" en route. The time limits forbid even Pegasus such a feat. Therefore, since there is no reason to suspect either text, editors such as Grosart and Lord Hales have taken refuge in an assumption that Spenser in the latter instance is using the new style. Surely a desperate assumption, that Spenser in a single instance, without apparent cause, has violated the usage of his contemporaries! The only circumstance adduced to support this solution is the date of Lady Howard's death in 1590, as if it were proof that the elegy in her honor must have been finished in the same year. This leaves still unexplained the reason for Spenser's anomalous alteration of the calendar.

As a literary device, it is true, Spenser did just this thing in the "Shepherd's Calendar"; but he devotes his "General Argument" chiefly to a defence of the innovation, acknowledging that: "To some he [the author] may seeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare." Spenser begins with January, as he explains, to conform to pastoral decorum: "Wening it perhaps no decorum that Shepheards shoulde be seene in a matter of so deepe insight." In the case of his own dedicatory letter addressed to a marquess, no such excuse can be pleaded.

A simpler explanation of the incongruity has been passed by. The make-up of "Colin Clout" reveals a reason. Here

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spenser takes occasion to describe, under pastoral names, Queen Elizabeth, her courtiers, poets, and court ladies, bestowing upon each in turn a proportionate meed of praise. Very prettily he frames these encomia in an account of his visit to England, which feignedly he renders to a group of his "shepherd" friends in Ireland. No doubt these friends were interested in the Elizabethan court; but so were the court folk themselves. It is for London readers primarily that the poem was written. But how delicately Spenser couches this flattery in a recital feignedly made far away at his homecoming! So appropriately and with such a consistent sense of decorum that he feignedly dates the poem from his Irish home at Kilcolman, being in reality—where? Where his poem would be fully appreciated, in London, where he was five days later, when he dedicated the "Daphnaïda."

PERCY W. LONG, Ph.D. (Harvard).

Bryn Mawr College, Pa., October 26.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF LATIN AND GREEK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sure that others, as well as myself, noted with surprise the remarks of Prof. A. O. Norton of Harvard in your issue of October 4 (p. 280) in regard to the decline in the number of students of Greek in school and college. "The abandonment of prescribed Greek for college entrance," says Mr. Norton, "has probably not greatly influenced the decline"; and, again, "Greek is still protected, and well protected, at most colleges by being given more credit for a given amount of work than any other subject." The latter statement will undoubtedly hold true in the case of the colleges which he names; but the context shows that his argument is of general, not local, application, and I am unable to see by what considerations he would justify his conclusion in respect to the colleges of the United States as a whole. In this connection the statistics of enrolment of Greek students in the secondary schools of the different groups of States are instructive when confronted with the entrance requirements of the colleges and of the arts departments of universities in the same States. Thus, for example, the decline in the enrolment of Greek students in the schools of the North Central States from 5,030 in 1897-98 to 2,767 in 1903-04 is synchronous with the adoption of an "omnibus" bachelor's degree by several prominent colleges in the same region; how broad are the entrance requirements of these institutions at the present time may be seen in the tables published by Principal F. L. Bliss in the Proceedings of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools for 1905.

If he had not been hampered by limitations of space Professor Norton would probably have pointed out the fact that the statistics for the study of Greek in college, which he cites (16,218 students of Greek in 1900-01, and 14,729 in 1904), are of interest only as indicating a general trend; they are too inaccurate to be of value in estimating the proportion of college students enrolled in Greek, which is suggested by the citation of the figures showing "the total college population" in the same years. Not to speak of other omissions, the totals given contain no report of the enrolment of Greek students in Harvard, Yale, the University of Michigan and the University of Chicago.

It is to be regretted that by a slip of the pen Mr. Norton has presented in respect to the study of Latin some figures which are misleading. He says (p. 281):

Latin flourishes in the secondary schools almost beyond belief. In 1894 there were roughly 480,000 secondary students in the United States, of whom 43.59 per cent. were studying Latin; in 1904 the numbers were 822,000 and 49.96 per cent. respectively.

In the report of the commissioner of education for 1903-04 the number, 822,235, represents the whole attendance of secondard students who were enrolled in "public high schools, public normal schools, public universities and colleges," "private" institutions of like grade, "private colleges for women," and "manual training schools." "While the number of secondary students in the preparatory departments of colleges and other institutions is given," says the report, "it has been found impracticable to collect complete statistics of such departments." Consequently the statistics for the enrolment in Latin are limited to public and private high schools and academies. In 1903-04 the enrolment in Latin in the public high schools is reported as 323,028, in private high schools and academies as 46,301, making a total of 369,329; this is approximately 49.96 per cent. of the total enrolment of students in these classes of institutions, which is given as 739,215. Had account been taken of the enrolment of students of Latin in the preparatory departments of the colleges, particularly the denominational colleges, and in all other institutions having students of secondary rank, the number must have been considerably augmented; but whether the students enrolled in Latin formed a greater or smaller proportion of the whole 822,235 secondary students in attendance at all classes of institutions it is impossible to tell. One may hazard a guess that the percentage, if known, would fall below 49.96.

FRANCIS W. KELSEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich., October 20.

A BETTER POSTAL CARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of April 5, 1900, I wrote as follows:

Can any one explain to me why this splendid big nation, which gives itself every conceivable form of luxury, cannot manage to provide for its inhabitants a white postal card? In England a lady or a gentleman can write a short note on a post-card and not feel that one has done anything derogatory to one's dignity; but here one must make use of an unpleasant yellow thing, of inartistic proportions, or else go through the fatiguing and expensive work of writing a note, putting it into an envelope, and affixing to it a two-cent stamp.

Last year, being a public-spirited person, I wrote myself to the postmaster-general and begged him to provide a white and tidy card, even if it had to cost two cents; he replied that it was impossible at that time, but that it should be done another year. Another year has come, and there is still nothing of the sort to be seen. Now what I wish to know is this: Why should a luxurious nation think it worth while to practise this particular form of penury?

Six years have come and gone, and a white postal card, of good writing surface and of good proportions, must still be numbered, in this country, among non-existences. Could not President Roosevelt, strenuous in all good movements, be persuaded to take an interest in this much-needed reform? C. L. F.

Baltimore, October 27.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have the following books on their autumn list now ready: "Time and Clocks," a description of ancient and modern methods of measuring time, by H. H. Cunynghame; "Holiday and Other Poems," by John Davidson, with an essay on poetry; "The Heart of England," by Edward Thomas, with illustrations in color by H. L. Richardson; "William Blake: A Critical Essay," by Swinburne (a new edition); "Artillery and Explosives," by Sir Andrew Noble, with diagrams and illustrations; and "Social Silhouettes," by George W. E. Russell, author of "Collections and Recollections."

At its annual meeting in December, 1902, the American Historical Association approved the plan of publishing a series of volumes to contain the classical narratives on which the early history of the United States is founded, anterior to 1700. The general editor chosen for this scheme was J. Franklin Jameson. The first volume, just issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, is called "The Northmen, Columbus, and Cabot: 985-1503." The voyages of the Northmen are edited by Prof. Julius E. Olson, those of Columbus and John Cabot by Prof. E. G. Bourne.

The great Cambridge "History of English Literature," in fourteen volumes, which has already been announced in these columns, will be published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons as the regular agents of the Cambridge University Press. Other books soon to be brought out in the series of English Classics are "The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," vol. iv.; Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" and "Pilgrim's Progress," edited by Dr. John Brown; "The Essays and English Plays of Abraham Cowley," edited by A. R. Waller; "The Works of Giles and Phineas Fletcher," edited by F. S. Boas; "The Poems of George Gascoigne," edited by Prof. J. W. Cunliffe; "The Poems of George Crabbe," vol. iii.

"The Life of Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B., by Frederick William Maitland, is announced among the November publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Dr. Maitland, a close friend of Sir Leslie and his family, is Downing professor of law at Cambridge University.

The Macmillan Company will soon have ready an English edition of the now famous Memoirs of Prince Von Hohenlohe.

Thomas Whittaker is bringing out "The King and His Kingdom," by the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, dean of Carlisle, and "Religion and Experience," by the Rev. J. Brierley of England ("J. B."), editor of the *Christian World*.

In mentioning, last week, "The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," issued by the Francis D. Tandy Company, we spoke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the tenth volume as completing the set. We are informed that two more volumes are to appear, containing an appendix of material that came to hand too late for inclusion in its proper place; a Bibliography of Lincolniana, prepared by Judge Daniel Fish of Minneapolis; an anthology of Lincoln's sayings and epigrams; a chronological index, and an exhaustive analytical index.

Anatole France, who for many years has been a special student of the story of Joan of Arc, and who for ten years has been engaged in writing a book on the subject, is at last about to publish his work through Calmann-Lévy.

Thomas McKie's "Summer Rambles" (Edinburgh: David Douglas) covers a good deal of ground and includes Ireland, Wales, England, Scotland, and Germany. The first essay happens to describe Dublin, and is so curiously unlike that capital, though with certain hints of resemblance, like a bad photograph, that we are not surprised to find that the picture was taken some fifty years ago. All Mr. McKie's chapters on Ireland, the gayeties and thronging population of Limerick, or Cork, or Queenstown, remind the reader that half a century has depopulated that distressful country. But Mr. McKie has not the talent for topography, and his sketches lack life and color. He falls into the sin that so often besets the descriptive writer: his private philosophy is dearer to him than the ambition to transport his reader's imagination to the place described.

F. Berkeley Smith's "In London Town" (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is written by one whose spirit's home is Paris. When he has gathered in the gaudier charms of London with a superficial hand and looked on her many-sided face with a superficial eye, he hurries back to the Restaurant Weber quite unimpressed by all that has made London dear to so many a cosmopolitan. Mr. Smith offers his reader what he would call the gayer side of London, the life of the music-hall artiste, the heavy efforts at Bohemianism, the backstairs life of the Gaiety and the Empire. Imagine Charles Lamb confronted with these Frenchy illustrations of rouged women and gilded youths, this complete lack of the historical feeling, this amazing ignorance of what London stands for in the minds of men. The description of a Sunday at Brighton in the society of a gay little Parisienne picked up en route is the most depressing chapter we have read for a long time. As for "my simple highly-titled friend" whose pedigree harks back to the eleventh century, we fear he is only too true to life and that no one could be more simple. The total effect of the book is flashy and un-English.

The Clarendon Press has put out attractively bound editions of Palgrave's 'Treasury of Sacred Song" and Kinglake's "Eothen." It is curious to read in the Introduction to the latter work, by D. G. Hogarth, that this superb book of Oriental travel belongs to the long list of rejected manuscripts. It was refused by several publishers before it was issued, in 1844, by Oliver of Pall Mall, partly at the author's own expense and risk.

Number 60 of the Philosophical Classics, published by the Open Court Company, contains Fichte's "Vocation of Man," translated by Dr. William Smith. The series now embraces an excellent selection of the great philosophical treatises, sold at commendably low prices.

"The Economy of Happiness," by James Mackaye (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), is a treatise on logic, ethics, and economics in three books. In his Introduction the author advises those who are not interested in the first or the second book to read the third. It would have been better if he had condensed some and omitted other parts of the earlier chapters, which are unnecessarily long and discursive. The way to happiness, he tells us, lies in the application of common sense to social and economical conditions, with "utility" as the standard. Mr. Mackaye calls his theory "Pantocracy," which is founded on "the socialism of Marx and his co-workers." Among the "eight different features" of this scheme are: public ownership, retention of the wage system, and abolition of profit, with organizations to adjust supply to demand, and to deal with all the principal problems of economics. The author has a fancy, apparently, for coining words which obscure his meaning. The theoretical part of his work is partly elucidated by mathematical formulas and by diagrams which some people may find interesting, if not instructive.

Specialists have known that the best book by an Occidental scholar on Hindu religion is the second volume (or section, or part; the division of these German books is inextricable) of Professor Deussen's "Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie." This has been translated by A. S. Geden as "The Philosophy of the Upanishads" (imported by Scribners). It is a work to be heartily recommended, although the reader must be advised that a certain note of intellectualism, bound to appear in the treatise of any German metaphysician, somewhat distorts the primitive character of those ancient books. Some time about the year 800 A. D. a great Hindu metaphysician, Shankara (or Çankara, as the name is more commonly transliterated) developed the Vedânta, as it lay in germ in the Upanishads, into a system of stupendous intricacy. He was the Doctor Angelicus of India. In 1883 Professor Deussen published a compendium of this philosophy, under the title of "Das System des Vedânta," to which he added at the end a brief summary of the doctrine. This summary, "The Outline of the Vedânta System of Philosophy, according to Shankara, by Paul Deussen," has been translated by J. H. Woods and C. B. Runkle, and published in a slender volume by the Grafton Press. It is the best exposition of the chief school of Hindu metaphysics obtainable in brief compass.

A pathetic interest attaches to the Rev. Dr. George Matheson's "Rests by the River" (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son) since the blind minister of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, closed his useful and devoted life only a few months ago. The present volume resembles several of the author's previous books, in that it consists of a large number of devotional meditations, of three or four pages each. The brief homilies are based on original, sometimes fanciful, interpretations of a Scripture text, and have a flavor of true piety. Dr. Matheson was more at home than most men of these times in the region of religious mysteries. His death removes the seer from the company of Scotch theologians, but the present volume will conspire well with his former writings to preserve his beautiful spirit and to exhibit to the many who need the lesson that it is possible to be pious without being foolish.

Two considerable volumes of "Spiritual Studies in St. Luke's Gospel," by the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, Rector of St. Ignatius Church of this city (Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.), manifest both the merits and defects of High Anglican churchmanship. Sincerity and enthusiasm and a religious spirit are evident. The author has devoted much study to the Church fathers, and under every important text he marshals passages from Augustine and Chrysostom, Cyril, Ambrose, and Jerome. Unfortunately preference is shown for fanciful patristic exegesis. Stier and Isaac Williams, whose cabalistic style of interpretation is well known, are the modern commentators he cites most frequently. To recent critical works, even of the thorough scholars of the author's own communion, he pays no attention. Dr. Ritchie has arranged his commentary in short sections, and divided each "study" into an exposition and a series of three "thoughts," thus adapting his work to quick reference and ready comprehension.

Lewis A. Hart, author of "A Jewish Reply to Christian Evangelists" (New York: Bloch Publishing Co.), is a Jewish notary in Montreal and a former lecturer in the faculty of law at McGill University. He is greatly outraged by Protestant endeavors at the conversion of Jews, especially by the efforts of the Jewish Mission in his home city. It seems that a member of the Protestant Ministerial Association of Montreal wrote to the *Jewish Times* of that city in extenuation and explanation of the proselytizing endeavors, and Mr. Hart made the series of vigorous replies now published in book form. The essays are naturally polemic, and from their point of view, able. The special object of attack is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is understood as tritheism, "a triumvirate of gods." He has, of course, no difficulty in overthrowing the arguments by which it is sought to establish this doctrine from Old Testament texts, from the word "Elohim" as plural, from the *trisagion* of Isiah vi., etc. His philippic against this sort of exegesis and the doctrine founded on it, takes one back to the days of Channing. But, unfortunately, when he seeks to define and vindicate his position as a Jew, he sinks to the same literal interpretation that he condemns in his opponents. This method may have lent force and effectiveness to his papers as tracts for a particular situation, but essays of this quality are of no value in exhibiting the peculiar strength and weaknesses of the religions with which they deal.

In "The Poetry of Chaucer, a Guide to its Study and Appreciation" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Dr. R. K. Root of Princeton has given us an agreeably written book of a popular character, which in accuracy of statement and fulness of information satisfies all scientific requirements. To be sure, for professional students the work contains too much that is elementary—at least, for consecutive reading—and on the other hand, being purely expository and critical and not biographical, it may prove

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too long perhaps for the taste of the general public. Nevertheless, both classes of readers may consult it with profit. The author has utilized all Chaucer investigations up to the present year, including the important recent discussions of the Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women." One does not look, of course, for new discoveries with regard to Chaucer or his works in a book of this character, but in setting forth the present state of knowledge of his subject the author exhibits independence and good judgment in his attitude towards the work of others. Especially to be commended is his conservatism in rejecting the ingenious speculations which have recently aimed at revolutionizing the generally accepted chronology of Chaucer's poems. On the side of literary criticism Dr. Root shows the same qualities of conservatism and good judgment. Like most books that issue from American universities, it is perhaps too didactic in aim, and the shadow of orthodoxy at times hangs a little heavily over its pages. Yet the book is written so evidently *con amore* that the sympathy of the writer can hardly help becoming infectious. The discussions of the characters in "Troilus and Criseyde" and of the 'litel clergeon" in the "Prioress's Tale" furnish, perhaps, the best examples of our author's work from this point of view. Among errata we may remark that Dr. W. E. Mead's edition of "The Squyr of Lowe Degre" appeared in the Albion Series, not the Athenæum Press Series. Finally, it seems to us that in any enumeration of authors (p. 12) who illustrate the intellectual activity of England about the close of the fourteenth century, it is a mistake not to mention the author of the plays in the nine-line stanza in the Towneley collection.

The large number of students in our universities who occupy themselves with Anglo-Saxon subjects will be pleased to have a handy and easily obtainable translation of Asser's "Life of King Alfred," such as Prof. Albert S. Cook has supplied (Ginn & Co.). The present is an opportune time for a translation of Asser's work, inasmuch as the authenticity of the book, so long in dispute, has been pretty well vindicated in recent years by Plummer and Stevenson. Indeed, the advantages which Professor Cook's translation enjoys over previous ones is due mainly to the fact that he has been able to use the results of the investigations of these two scholars, especially the latter, whose edition (1904) of Asser's "Life" in its original form has superseded all others. Professor Cook has appropriately added two appendices—one consisting of Alfred's well-known preface to his translation of Gregory's "Pastoral Care," in which the state of learning in England in his day is described, the other of the letter of Fulco, primate of the Franks, in reply to Alfred's request for the services of the priest Grimbald.

Three volumes in the dumpy but attractive World's Classics now issued by the Oxford University Press, contain "The Works of Edmund Burke," vol. ii., with an Introduction by F. W. Raffety; "The Professor," by Charlotte Brontë," with the Brontë Poems, and Defoe's "Adventures of Captain Singleton." Mr. Watts-Dunton contributes the Introductions to the Brontë and Defoe volumes, and in the latter gives some rather interesting information about the relation of his friend Borrow's style to that of Defoe. The influence of the older author on the younger was, he says, beyond all gauging. "Often and often has he [Borrow] said to me that Defoe was the only 'professional' author who could 'tell a plain story on paper.'" Mr. Watts-Dunton thinks it a curious subject of speculation whether the recent revival of interest in Borrow will cause a revival in the master himself. And what, he asks, will be the effect of Defoe's simple, lucid, direct style of narrative upon the style of the prose fiction of the twentieth century? Mr. Watts-Dunton seems to regard Defoe as a participator in his favorite and much-noised "renascence of wonder." To bring the "wonder" of "Robinson Crusoe" under the same category as that of "Aylwin" is a bit of critical legerdemain.

Another expensive two-volume memoir now published in a single volume at a cheaper price. This time it is "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," imported by Scribners. The custom of issuing a cheap reprint from the same plates doubtless has its justification from the publisher's point of view, but seems almost an imposition upon the early purchasers of the more expensive edition.

Professor Howard of Leland Stanford publishes through Macmillan a careful study of the German Constitution, under the title of "the German Empire." After a brief introductory chapter he takes the Constitution of the new empire and proceeds to analyze its component parts. Thus we have chapters on the Kaiser, the Reichstag, citizenship, judicial organization, military service, finance, and kindred subjects. The text of the Constitution is given in an appendix, and the book, as a whole, will prove a convenient manual of the subject viewed in its strictly constitutional aspect.

Paul Leland Haworth has chosen as subject for a thesis "The Hayes-Tilden Disputed Presidential Election of 1876" (Burrows Bros.). The author sets forth with care and in a judicial spirit the facts as he finds them in the contemporary newspapers, and in the proceedings of congressional committees. He does not, however, put forward new evidence of any importance, nor does his verdict vary from that which is commonly accepted. It is possible that Tilden should, technically, have been elected; but it is quite certain that the balance of malpractice told against the Republican vote in the South.

Those who like to have history interpreted for them in terms of "Folk-Soul," "Historic Process," "World-Spirit," and "the Self of the Universe," will doubtless find much to please them in Mr. Denton J. Snider's "American Ten Years' War, 1855-1865" (St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company). The array of incident is, indeed, respectable, and the comments of the author are sometimes keen and suggestive; but as a contribution to the history of the Kansas struggle and the Civil War, it is negligible. It is the kind of book that we fancy a historian would prefer to relinquish to a philosopher, and that a philosopher would gladly pass on to a historian.

That historians of mediæval Italy have hitherto turned their attention too exclusively to the study of the Communes is a statement which can hardly fail to obtain the assent of every thoughtful reader. We have numerous learned treatises on the private and public life of the cities, their guilds, their magistracies, and their statutes; and, although much yet remains to be done before we can fully appreciate the peculiar characteristics of each separate Commune, we are already able to form a tolerably clear idea of the institutions and customs of the Communes as a whole. When, however, we pass outside the walls of the cities, we are in a country which is practically unexplored. Of the *castelli* and the *ville*, of the serf and the *colonus*, we know hardly anything. Feudalism is treated as dead before it was even moribund, and we lose our way in trackless forests where we expected to find cornfields and vineyards. Our idea of mediæval Italy is like a picture without a background. The foreground is clear, but behind it is well-nigh impenetrable mist. Here and there, it is true, a faint light is shed by monographs on individual villages —monographs such as that of Professor Zdekauer on the *Carta Libertatis* of the Rocca di Tintinnano, or the recent pamphlet of Dr. Paolo Piccolomini on the *Statuto del Castello della Triana*, in Monte Amiata (Siena: Tip. Lazzeri); but for many years no serious attempt has, we believe, been made to treat the subject as a whole. It is for this reason that the learned work of Dr. Francesco Briganti, "Città Dominanti e Comuni Minori nel Medio Evo con speciale riguardo alla Repubblica Perugina" (Perugia: Unione Tip. Coöperativa), is especially welcome; for it is the "minor communes," the villages of the Perugian *contado*, which are here studied, and we are thus enabled to understand how the villagers, the tillers of the soil, the *coloni*, the *manentes*, the *vignari*, the *bifulci*, lived after they had exchanged the yoke of the feudal seignior for the lighter yoke of the "Dominant City." As one of the librarians in the Biblioteca Comunale of Perugia, Dr. Briganti has had exceptional advantages, and he has used them well. We may not always agree with his conclusions; but his conclusions are of secondary importance, since he has laid all his evidence before us. Almost half of his pages are made up of notes in which the documents upon which he relies are textually reported. Such a book on such a subject is invaluable to the student of mediæval Italy. It enables him to obtain a new point of view, to fill in a background to his picture, and to perceive how groundless are many of those generalizations which he has heretofore been taught to regard as axiomatic. An admirable work, which may be profitably studied in connection with Dr. Briganti's volume, is "I Codici delle Sommissioni al Commune di Perugia," edited by Count V. Ansidei and Dr. L. Giannantoni. It was commenced in 1895 and has been published in successive numbers of the *Bollettino della Società Umbra di Storia Patria*. It will, we understand, be completed in the forthcoming issue of that periodical.

A breath of the South American prairies permeates the pages of Rudolf Schmied's "Carlos und Nicolas: Kinderjahre in Argentinien" (Munich: R. Piper & Co.), and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brings us something quite different from the conventional atmosphere in even the best of our own descriptive works on that far-off country. That the author has been there and knows the life whereof he speaks is very apparent, and so is the fact that he is the typical German, possessing the land in advance of his Yankee neighbor, notwithstanding the Monroe Doctrine and its terrifying paragraphs. Carlos and Nicolas are the lusty "young ones" of a wealthy German ranchman, far away from the city and civilization; and on their splendid mounts they wildly course the prairies. Stretched out on their backs on the boundless pampas, these boys dream dreams, and draw on their imagination until Nicolas swaps his *boleadoras* or iron-weighted lasso, for a prospective ship Carlos pretends to possess. Aside from the naïve narrative of the boys, the volume conveys an impression of national life such as one might expect to be given the traveller in Argentina, and is, all in all, refreshing reading.

Another copy of that rare pamphlet, "The Prose Romances of Edgar Allan Poe," Number 1, containing "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Man That Was Used Up," has been discovered. It was literally "picked up" in the country, and sold to Frank Maier of this city, whose collection of first editions of American authors is now one of the finest in existence. The book is so rare that there is doubt whether in the ordinary sense of the word it was ever published at all. The cover (there is no title-page) reads, "Uniform Serial Edition. Each Number Complete in Itself. No. 1," but no second number is known. The price as printed on the cover was twelve and one-half cents. The only other copy which can be definitely placed was purchased by the late Frederick W. French, about 1896, for about $90. It had then already been in the hands of three booksellers. A New England bookseller (who may be called No. 1) found the book, and, thinking it to be, probably, only an odd part of Poe's works, sold it to bookseller No. 2 for sixty-five cents. He, knowing what a good item he had acquired, sold it for $60 to bookseller No. 3, who in turn sold it to Mr. French. After his death, at the sale of his library at auction in 1901, $1,000 was paid for the little book. It is now in the collection of F. R. Halsey, whose library is famous for containing two of the three known copies of Poe's first book, "Tamerlane, and Minor Poems."

The Librarian of Congress has instituted a search for a volume of the original manuscript Journals of the Continental Congress, which has been missing for many years. It is not known when or how it disappeared. Possibly it is now in the possession of some library or collector who is ignorant of its nature. In hope of recovering the volume Herbert Putnam has issued the following description of it:

> The writing should be that of Charles Thomson. It should begin with the entries for March 19, 1778, and end with the entries of May 1, 1778. It may be bound in thin boards, of a bluish color, and if any label is on the front it should be merely "No. I." The volume immediately preceding it is written on folio paper with the water mark of Britannia seated with shield and spear, in a circle surmounted by a crown, on one sheet, and the letters "J. W." on the other. The volume immediately succeeding is written on paper bearing the same figure of Britannia on one sheet, and the full name "J. Whatman" on the other. They were evidently made up of quires of the paper, by Charles Thomson, and not by any binder.

The collection of Bibles which Prof. Walter Arthur Copinger of the University of Manchester made for the purpose of writing his book, "The Bible and Its Transmission," has passed into the hands of E. Hartland of Hardwick Court, Chepstow, England. This collection is one of the finest of the kind. It consists of nearly 1,500 editions, in about 350 different languages and dialects. Of the Greek Testament there are over 300 editions.

The committee of the Cambridge Historical Society, which has undertaken to celebrate on February 27 the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow, has sent out a circular announcing its plans. The occasion will be observed as "Longfellow Day" in all the schools of Cambridge. In the evening in Saunders Theatre, there will be public exercises, at which William Dean Howells, as we noted in our issue of October 11, will be the principal speaker, and President Charles W. Eliot, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Prof. Charles Eliot Norton also will give addresses. An exhibition will be held of early, rare, and beautiful editions of Longfellow's works, together with memorabilia. As a memorial of the event, a special bronze medal will be struck, to be designed by Bela L. Pratt, who designed the similar medal commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Charles W. Eliot to the presidency of Harvard. Of the Longfellow medal only 200 copies will be issued at $10 each, and the subscription list has been opened to libraries, museums, and individual collectors. Subscriptions may be sent to Oscar F. Allen, No. 15 Dunster Street, Cambridge.

The celebration of the quatercentenary of George Buchanan began yesterday at Glasgow with an exhibition of books, portraits, relics, and other memorials in the library of the University. To-day Principal J. M. Lindsay gives a public address on Buchanan.

The name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning will, by permission of the Dean of Westminster, appear in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey. When Robert Browning died, the honor of burial was, according to the London *Athenæum*, offered to the remains of his wife, which rest at Florence; but the offer was refused. Now, on the centenary of her birth, her name is to be inscribed at the foot of her husband's grave in the Abbey.

From Paris news comes that the Librairie Novelle has ceased to exist. It was founded in 1849 and passed into the hands of Michel Lévy. Under this publisher the place became in the fifties and sixties the haunt of literary men and politicians. Alexandre Dumas père was a regular customer, and Augier, Jules Verne, Flaubert, Gambetta, Maupassant, and the Duc de Rivoli were frequenters of the shop.

Some months ago the German Kaiser, at the suggestion of his representative in Abyssinia, Dr. Rosen, sent out an expedition to that country, the first report from which has just been made to the Academy of Sciences in Berlin. The members of the expedition have been at work in the old city of Aksum, have prepared a plan of the city, have examined the rich ruins there found, have reëxamined the old inscriptions, and have discovered a number of large new inscriptions, which have been copied and are now in a shape to be studied. These latter take the history of Abyssinia back to the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, 1801-1837.

The Political History of England. 12 vols. XI.—The History of England from Addington's Administration to the close of William IV.'s Reign. 1801-1837. By the Hon. George C. Brodrick. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.60 net.

Wherein does the political England of 1906 differ from the political England of 1837? This is an inquiry inevitably suggested and partly answered by the dry yet accurate summary of events contained in the book before us. To sum up the answer in one formula is scarcely possible. Whoever wants to realize the character of an immense change which every one recognizes but no one can easily define, had best note, after studying the work of the late Mr. Brodrick, a few definite contrasts between the England of to-day and the England of well-nigh seventy years ago.

In 1837 the leading politicians had all been bred under a system which the Reform Act had destroyed. They, however, governed by ideas of a bygone age, hardly perceived the true nature of the revolution which had taken place. Nor is this wonderful. The alteration in the constitution of Parliament was not large. Modern critics are surprised at the limited increase in the electorate worked by the Reform Act. A fundamental innovation had moreover been carried through, much to the amazement of Tories, and even of Whigs, in a strictly legal manner, and with slight and indirect appeal to force. A reform achieved without revolutionary violence seemed, after a year or two, no revolution at all. Yet the Reform Act in fact worked a revolution in the whole scheme of government. The disfranchisement of absolutely rotten boroughs and the moral certainty that as time went on all close or nomination boroughs would be disfranchised, had extraordinary effects. It deprived the Crown and a limited number of wealthy and aristocratic landowners, of whom the King might be considered the head, of the means for exercising that "influence" which at one time was almost a technical term, and which (as ardent Whigs not fifty years before the Reform Act had declared) "had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished." A King or Queen of England has never been without genuine authority, but since 1832, or at any rate since 1837, this authority has never been a power which any man feared. George III. prolonged the war with the American colonies after it had ceased to be popular. He forbade the concession of political rights to Roman Catholics when advocated by the most powerful of his ministers. His unbending will strengthened the national resistance to the attacks of France. George IV. was a contemptible voluptuary; he was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reputed, whether truly or not, to be deficient in the personal courage which had distinguished his race; but George IV., according to the belief of the time, could of his own will, if he had so wished, have brought the Whigs into power against the determination of the country to support the policy of the Tories. To the well meaning, though feeble, patriotism of William IV. was due in great measure the peaceful passing of the Reform Act. The will of the King could, even in 1832, have put the possibility of parliamentary reform to the issue of civil war. Such exhibitions of power have been impossible to Queen Victoria or to her son. Note, however, that this assertion does not preclude the possibility that in circumstances utterly different from those of 1837 the authority of the Crown may again increase. It is for the future to show whether King or House of Commons will become the moral representative of the empire.

The act, again, which struck at the roots of royal influence had another curious, though less noticed, effect, to which attention has been called by the acuteness of Walter Bagehot. Parliamentary life was, up till 1832, a profession, a pursuit in which a man might obtain not only honor, but wealth. The game, it is true, was one in which prizes were few and blanks many. Still it had its prizes, and, though they too frequently fell to a low type of politician, they might be attained by such men as Pitt or Burke. Hence the appearance on the political stage of that singular character, the patriotic adventurer. He has vanished, and his disappearance marks a fundamental change in English public life.

Up till 1829-1832 the unreformed Parliament was, if not in theory, yet in truth, an English Parliament. The Scottish members were few. They followed principles which sound purely selfish, but promoted the interests of Scotland; they acted as one body; they supported as a rule the Government of the day; they obtained personal rewards for their services. This was the policy of Dundas, the most skilful of all Scottish managers, but it was also the policy of all his predecessors. It was not ideal; it might be termed by Whigs, who were always, except when in office, patterns of virtue, a system of corruption. But it rested on principles sound enough in themselves. Scotsmen were to stand apart from the party controversies which divided Englishmen. They were sedulously to support the Executive, that thereby the Treaty of Union should become a bargain favorable to the private interest of Scottish members and to the material welfare of Scotland. Various causes made it impossible for the representatives of Ireland to pursue this scheme of enlightened selfishness. But Irish members were exclusively Protestants, members of the United Church of England and Ireland. They were landlords, in full sympathy with the landlords of England. They, too, in the main, adopted on all Imperial questions ideas which commended themselves to the English governing class. But the reform of Parliament, which seemed to introduce nothing but certain modifications of the electoral system, produced one effect of immense importance which was hardly recognized by Englishmen even in 1837. The Parliament which met at Westminster had ceased to be an English Parliament.

Turn, lastly, from domestic affairs and note a singular transformation in the foreign policy of England. From 1689 to 1837 England had been profoundly interested in Continental politics. The "glorious Revolution" had been the work of a Dutch army led by a Dutch King. The accession to the throne of the Hanoverian dynasty linked England, most unfortunately for both countries, with Hanover; the intrigues of German courts interested the first two Georges far more keenly than did the expansion of England's colonial empire. And the Continent, to Englishmen, down to 1837, had practically meant France. The great war which terminated with the battle of Waterloo seemed, though it really bore a different character, a mere prolongation of the secular conflict between Englishmen and Frenchmen. From 1837 onwards, the whole aspect of English foreign policy and of English ways of looking upon foreign affairs has changed. The accession of Queen Victoria broke the ill-starred Hanoverian connection. This meant much; it freed English policy from all the complications with a German State belonging to a political system in which England had no real concern. But the fact that Queen Victoria was not the ruler of Hanover facilitated a far more essential change in relation to Continental Powers. Contests which keenly interested the rest of Europe ceased to be of immediate importance to England. If Englishmen intervened in such contests at all, the grounds of interference were henceforth to be either sympathy with the ideas of some foreign party, *e. g.*, with the aspirations of foreign Constitutionalists, or the determination of England to preserve her Eastern Empire. As a matter of fact, political sympathy has, during the last seventy years, hardly ever of itself involved England in Continental conflicts. The feeling which rightly or wrongly has brought England near to war, has been the fear of attack upon India.

The circumstances which have diminished English interest in Continental conflicts have had a further effect. They have preserved peace with France. It is now over ninety years since France and England have met in battle either on land or on sea. Are we to attribute this happy condition mainly to the growth of pacific sentiment? An optimist may answer yes, but an unbiased observer will reply that amicable sentiment is the sign rather than the cause of peace. The secular warfare between two progressive countries has come to an end, because every man of common sense perceives that the conflict between their real or apparent interests has ceased to exist. France does not menace either the colonial or the Eastern empire of England. Most Englishmen would rejoice could some pacific arrangement restore to France the possessions lost in 1870. Englishmen no longer dread either the revolutionary propaganda of French Democrats or invasion by a French Emperor. French Jacobinism or French Imperialism is to Englishmen as dead as the Jacobitism of the eighteenth century. We need not pursue this matter further. The sentiment which even in 1837 kept England in constant fear of a French invasion is hardly comprehensible to the Englishmen of to-day. In the foreign relations no less than in the Constitution of England the lapse of sixty-nine years has produced a fundamental revolution, and a revolution of which the immensity can be realized only when we try to trace it out in different departments of national policy.

MEMOIRS OF THE VENDÉE.

Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie. A record of the extraordinary events in the life of a French royalist during the war in La Vendée and of his flight to Southampton, where he followed the humble occupation of gardener; with an introduction by Frédéric Masson; appendices and notes by Pierre Amédée Pichot and other hands. New York: John Lane Company. $4.

Enormous as is the literature on the Vendean insurrection, there is no mention of a Count de Cartrie in any of the narratives and documents of the period, or in the subsequent histories based upon them. This seems somewhat strange, for that he existed, that he played an important part in the struggle as a leader, although a subordinate one, and that he was a most curious and attractive figure, can hardly be disputed. Indeed, the result of the prolonged and painstaking investigations of M. Pierre Amédée Pichot, one of the most skilful unravelers of historical problems connected with the Revolution in France, establishes the genuineness of these memoirs and their substantial accuracy beyond reasonable doubt. It is not, however, due to M. Pichot that De Cartrie's name has cropped up nearly a century after his death. The *sacer vates* who has rescued the Vendean chief from undeserved oblivion is a publisher! Surely even Lord Byron would not have praised Napoleon for shooting such a publisher as Mr. Lane, whose feeling for De Cartrie and his "Memoirs" is so purely literary and disinterested. His account of the discovery of the manuscript is one of the romances of publishing. It is an English translation, apparently dictated by the author to an English friend who only caught the sounds of the words and often caught them wrong; and, naturally, the proper names of persons and towns were outrageously spelled throughout. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Lane came to the conclusion that it was genuine, and entered into communication on the subject with M. Pichot. The latter's high social position helped him as much as his erudition in solving every difficulty. He tracked every noble family in France in any way connected with the De Cartries or mentioned in the "Memoirs," restored the true proper names, gave the correct genealogies of the author and of his family, verified the mysteries of adventures so romantic as to appear incredible, found every trail and followed it with the patience and sagacity of a sleuth-hound, explored parish records and army service lists, and forced his way into the most jealously guarded family muniment rooms. All this is told in what Mr. Lane modestly styles "The Publisher's Advertisement," but which really forms a chapter almost as fascinating as any in the volume—being the correspondence between himself and M. Pichot.

In one case, however, or rather in two, M. Pichot is on the wrong track. Madame

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bulkeley, her husband, and Count Walsh de Serrant are about the three most interesting friends of De Cartrie in the book. Madame Bulkeley was his sister. She is well-known to every one acquainted with the history of the Vendean troubles. She was one of the Amazons we meet with so frequently during this period. According to her brother:

> My sister, brave as a heroine, never abandoned her husband, by whose side she fought in every action in which he was concerned; and though her clothes were on several occasions pierced by balls, yet she fortunately escaped without a wound. . . . [After the death of Robespierre and her release from prison] she put herself at the head of the remnant of these [her husband's] troops, which, with some new levies, constituted a body of upwards of six thousand men. With this little army she for eighteen months fought an incredible number of battles, sometimes alone, and at others in support of Charette. But in the last she received two wounds, which threw her from her horse.

He then eulogizes her virtues. Other writers give her a different character. She is described by the republican historians of La Vendée as a fierce and cruel leader, fond of torturing her Republican women prisoners, burning their houses, and plundering their property. In any case, she was a decidedly interesting character, and it was natural that M. Pichot should try to get all the information possible about her and her almost equally interesting husband. De Cartrie says of him: "At this time Monsieur Bulkeley, born of a good Irish family, . . . was an elegant young man, in height about 5 feet 10 inches, of a fine figure and most amiable character, and served in the regiment of Walsh-Serrant." Yet M. Pichot writes to Mr. Lane asking him to search in *England* for portraits of Bulkeley and Walsh: "There must still be in England some members of the Walsh and Serrant families." This is the more surprising, as he says in the same letter: "I greatly regret not finding a portrait of Madame Bulkeley; I have an idea that if it is to be found at all, it should be searched for in England. Her husband, William Bulkeley, was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, on December 7, 1766." This sounds something like an Irish bull: William Bulkeley was born and lived in Ireland until he lived and died in France; therefore, if you want to learn anything about him, search for it in England. In fact, the Bulkeleys were established in Tipperary for nearly two centuries before the French Revolution. Some of them may be there still. At least they are more likely to be there than in Yorkshire. Can M. Pichot have been misled by the report of the Mayor of Angers to the Mayor of Paris some time after Bulkeley's execution? "Our holy mother Guillotine," says that vivacious official, "is actively engaged in her work. Within the last three days she has shaved eleven priests, one ex-nun, one general, and a handsome Englishman, six foot high, whose head was in the way! It is now bagged!" As Walsh was hereditary colonel of his regiment in the Irish Brigade, he could scarcely have been an Englishman. In fact, he belonged to a family that for more than four or five centuries was as much hanged, forfeited, and banished as any in the green island. It is therefore the more remarkable that members of it still possess large estates in several Irish counties. Such families have always been especially eager for the preservation of records of their distinguished relatives on the Continent. So that, if M. Pichot, instead of sending Mr. Lane on a wild-goose chase through England, had written, say, to "Hussey Walsh of Cranagh and Mulhussey, Roscommon," or to "Walsh of Carrickmines, Kings County," or to "Hussey of Rathkenny, Meath," he would probably have learned a good deal about their distinguished kinsman, Count Walsh de Serrant.

The interest of these memoirs is very great, great everywhere, and they have considerable historic value, although the author may not have played a preponderant rôle in the military events he describes. His romantic adventures in his Odyssey across France in company with his son, their hairbreadth escapes, his subsequent travels through Germany and Holland, and his life in England, are even more fascinating than his military exploits in La Vendée. This is altogether an enjoyable volume, and superbly illustrated. A map of the wars in La Vendée would have enabled the reader to follow some of his adventures with more ease and pleasure.

RECENT FICTION.

The Mirror of the Sea. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper & Bros.

On the surface, this book is very much like A. H. Bullen's "Idyls of the Sea," a series of impressions and memories which are the fruit of a real and long sea experience. Whether in forecastle or captain's cabin, these men earned a knowledge of the sea to which no lubberly amateur may hope to attain. Long exercise of their stern trade has not drained them of their enthusiasm for it, or failed to qualify them for the expression of that enthusiasm. Mr. Bullen, to be sure, is concerned with the fascination of the sea itself and its inhabitants, while Mr. Conrad is absorbed in the ships that go upon the waters. Mr. Conrad does not hesitate to challenge the convention of sea-worship:

> . . . Its immensity has never been loved as the mountains, the plains, the desert itself, have been loved. Indeed, I suspect that, leaving aside the protestations and tributes of writers who, one is safe in saying, care for little else in the world than the rhythm of their lines and the cadence of their phrase, the love of the sea, to which some men and nations confess so readily, is a complex sentiment wherein pride enters for much, necessity for not a little, and the love of ships—the untiring servants of our hopes and our self-esteem—for the best and most genuine part. For the hundreds who have reviled the sea, . . . down to the last obscure sea-dog of the "old model," having but few words and still fewer thoughts, there could not be found, I believe, one sailor who has ever coupled a curse with the good or bad name of a ship. If ever his profanity, provoked by the hardships of the sea, went so far as to touch his ship, it would be lightly, as a hand may, without sin, be laid in the way of kindness on a woman.

Pathetic fallacy or not, ships are persons to Mr. Conrad, and not a limb or feature of them lies beyond his way of kindness. He will not have them misunderstood or miscalled; the last detail of seamanly terminology is of importance to him. Such misconceptions of sea-phrase as "casting the anchor" inspire in him a mournful commiseration bordering upon contempt. On the other hand, his speech is as remote as possible from the lingo of the sea captain of fable. He has no wish to force sea talk upon the landsman as something picturesque and to be desired for its own sake, but wishes us to understand its esoteric value as a perfect vehicle, possessing "all the force and precision and imagery of a technical language that, created by simple men with keen eyes for the real aspect of the things they see in their trade, achieves the just expression, seizing upon the essential, which is the ambition of the artist in words."

The prevailing note in these sketches is elegiac: eheu! the fading glories of that old sea life upon the sailing ship, the "ship of yesterday." There indeed the miracle of good seamanship might be developed.

> Not for it the unerring precision of steel moved by white steam and living by red fire and fed by black coal. The other seems to draw its strength from the very soul of the world, its formidable ally, held to obedience by the frailest bonds, like a fierce ghost captured in a snare of something even finer than spun silk. For what is the array of the strongest ropes, the tallest spars, the stoutest canvas against the mighty breath of the infinite but thistle-stalks, cobwebs, and gossamer.

Mr. Conrad, of Polish birth, is quite as much French as English in his literary instinct and manner. He often gains, that is, through the medium of a pure and vigorous English, effects which recall Maupassant, or, far oftener, Pierre Loti. For example: "The lulling cadence of the rise and fall, the invariable gentleness of this irresistible force, the great charm of the deep waters, warmed my breast deliciously, like the subtle poison of a love-potion." However he may hate the enchantress, this man is subject to her glamour, and able to impart the sense of it as few men have been.

The Plow-Woman. By Eleanor Gates. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

This is the story of the Lancaster family, father and two daughters, who, coming up from Texas into Dakota after the war, moored their prairie-schooner on a bend of the Missouri, built a shack, and tilled the ground. All opens peacefully and agriculturally. Dallas picturesquely ploughs with her two mules, and with the tame family bull, Simon, always in attendance. Marylyn, the younger sister, stays within doors and cooks the meals. The crippled father, Evan Lancaster, ex-section-boss, narrow-minded, jealous, suspicious, holds his girls in a tight leash, hating all men, more especially all soldiers, most especially any one who has so much as lifted a finger for the North during the war. How necessary men and soldiers became to him and his daughters in the enmities of rival land-claimants and the uprisings of Indians, is developed in the story.

It is a book where the reader is made to see what it must be to "get the West," as one of the characters phrases it. Dangers and horrors serve only to stimulate enterprise and courage. For him who has the West "in his blood," the open air, the flowery prairie, the springing corn are hardly dearer than the blizzard, the outwitting of the landshark, the fight with the Indian. To young Lounsbury from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"the States" the perils were part of the fascination.

Ingenuity is one of the author's conspicuous endowments. Situation after situation keeps interest expectant up to the last. No less is her skill in definition of character, although here and there a bit may be judged out of drawing. A girl like Dallas, for example, ready as she might be to sacrifice herself, would hardly urge a man to make unwilling love to her sister. This act of Dallas's apart, she is a fine figure of girlhood developed by responsibility and hardship into something like a composite man and woman, with woman dominating. The feeble Marylyn serves chiefly to give Dallas an object for her maternal instinct. The tyrannical father is excellently drawn in all his infirmities. The hero is made attractive and not too omnipresent. Each actor is as real as the principals. In characterization this is a virtue, although it should constrain the author to use not too many actors—fewer we think than this novel includes. But the same fidelity is carried into scenery, descriptions, and narrative to the point of faultiness. It results in a lack of perspective which is lifelike, perhaps, but like life seen with the eye and not with the selecting and omitting faculty which makes for art. And of a very high order of art Miss Gates's pen seems capable, *mutato mutando*.

The Belovéd Vagabond. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane.

With the publication, last year, of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," Mr. Locke became a novelist of international interest. He had deserved American success long before with such stories as "Derelicts" and "Where Love Is," but had not been able to command it. What books of his had appeared until then in cis-Atlantic covers had been received with quiet appreciation by the critics, but had been buried, so far as the general reading public is concerned, under what Mr. Howells has called the "annual rubbish-fall" of our "best sellers." In "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" Mr. Locke grafted romance upon realism with ironic as well as humorous intent. In his new novel he reverses the process with no felicitous result. Here is a twig of realism grafted upon present-day romance, the romance of the open road and the free life. The realism of the vagabond's personal habits spoils the romance of his nobility of character. If ever a well-born vagabond justified the narrowness of English Philistinism, it is this rover of generous impulses, who, when he emerges for a moment from the pothouse to claim the place that is still his, must, through force of habit, take the manners of the pothouse with him into the drawing-room. The knight-errant, while he occasionally interests us mildly, neither attracts nor convinces us; and the sunny roads of France, her farms, villages, and inns have found more eloquent pens than Mr. Locke's ere now to praise their charms. Mr. Locke should not be judged by his "Belovéd Vagabond" alone.

Letters to Women in Love. By Mrs. John Van Vorst. New York: D Appleton & Co.

The letters are numerous; the women to whom they are written, four. Three of them have names and addresses likely to attract the curiosity and respectful interest of the feminine readers of so-called "society" fiction: Miss Beatrice Thayer, Fifth Avenue, New York; Mrs. Elizabeth Aiken, Tuxedo, New York; and Mrs. Cairesbrooke, Dupont Circle, Washington. But for all that, the case of the fourth one—humble, average Mrs. Jack Burnside, wife of a New York bank clerk with a "home" in Newark—is the most interesting after the not very interesting fashion of the whole book.

An elderly woman of wide experience and deep and ready sympathies is supposed to be the writer of these epistles, which reveal amazing confidence in her own wisdom, incredible readiness to give advice in delicate matters, and staggering absence of hesitation about asking leading questions. The plan on which the book has been constructed makes these blemishes unavoidable, and is therefore fundamentally faulty, but this defect is unlikely to disturb the readers for whom the volume is chiefly intended. The elderly woman gives treatment by correspondence, so to speak, for the cure of all kinds of afflictions of the affections, ranging from a young girl's doubt about an "offer" she has received, to all the jealousies, regrets, disillusions, material worries, and disappointments of married life.

There was abundant material here for the making of an interesting book. Mrs. Van Vorst has done little with it beyond discovering its possibilities. The cases she presents are not lacking in human interest, but the deeper note is lacking.

The Bible as English Literature. By J. H. Gardiner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

For years we have been hearing the complaint that the generation which now is, nay, that which is passing, reads and knows its Bible scarcely at all in comparison with the men and women of half a century ago. This complaint, which is probably not exaggerated, has generally been accompanied by a suggested remedy—to wit, the study of the Bible as literature. As aids in the application of this remedy, numerous books have been prepared; none, we think, better than this of Professor Gardiner's, which is the outcome of the courses he has been giving at Harvard and at the Lowell Institute. Good as the book is, however, we must in fairness warn teachers at least that the possession of an excellent text-book will not smooth away the difficulties which confront the advocates of Bible-study in our schools; nor have we great hopes that this or any other book will set a large portion of our adult population to reading and studying what was truly the Word of Life to their fathers and grandfathers. The Bible, which was for so long, and still is, a great force in our civilization, has latterly found itself buffeted by opposing forces which seem unamenable to literary control. Hence, while we welcome Professor Gardiner's book as a valuable aid in a good cause, we can hardly feel that the hopes and convictions that enabled him to attain success are as solid as the learning he has utilized and the expository skill he has displayed.

His general attitude toward what most persons would regard as the crucial difficulty confronting him is well described in a paragraph in his preface:

> In all my discussion I have assumed the fact of inspiration, but without attempting to define it or to distinguish between religious and literary inspiration. The two come together in a broad region, where every one who cares for a delimitation must run his line for himself. It is obvious, however, that no literary criticism of the Bible could hope for success which was not reverent in tone. A critic who should approach it superciliously or arrogantly would miss all that has given the book its power as literature and its lasting and universal appeal.

Waiving the point that no good critic would approach any book superciliously or arrogantly, we may ask the question whether the fact that the writer of such a book as this feels at liberty to forbear running a line between religious and literary inspiration is not symptomatic of the spiritual and mental state which is responsible in the main for that neglect of the Bible which he is striving to counteract. Hearers and readers who complacently allow their teacher to refrain from showing his skill in spiritual engineering—Professor Gardiner's metaphor is responsible for the phrase—will presumably not object to a discussion of the prophetical books which contains practically not a word as to the fulfilment of any specific prediction. As we read the chapter, we recalled instinctively an old divine long since gathered to his fathers, who felt it his duty at least once a year to preach a series of sermons designed to prove the truth of Christianity from the fulfilment of a chain of prophecies. That dear old man was of the salt of the earth. What would he have thought, could he have read Professor Gardiner's chapter on "The Prophecy"? Will those who read it without feeling that a necessary element has been omitted ever be quite the same sort of salt as that good preacher? We shall not attempt to answer our own questions, preferring to say that we expected to find Professor Gardiner's book lacking on the one hand the enthusiasm of unction and on the other the piquant force that usually accompanies earnest destructive criticism. In a certain sense, our expectation was realized, but we found so much sincerity of high feeling, so much sound literary appreciation, and so much helpful elucidation of the perplexities that attend the layman's reading of the Bible, that our initial questions and misgivings were laid to rest.

The volume of four hundred pages is divided into nine chapters, of which the first is introductory and deals with the Bible as a single book. Chapters ii.-vii. treat the several *genres* to be found in the Scriptures—the narratives of various types, the poetry, the wisdom books, the epistles, the prophecy, and the Apocalypse. They are specially successful in utilizing the results of the so-called Higher Criticism to furnish a historical background with the result that the documents stand out clearly as embodiments of the life of Israel at the crucial periods of the nation's evolution. On the other hand, Professor Gardiner has succeeded less conspicuously in his endeavors to make us both realize and comprehend the present literary value of the prose and poetry which have so deeply appealed to our race. His il-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lustrative citations are excellent, but he sometimes overworks his epithets (*cf.*, the use of "vivid" on page 37), frequently seems to miss the inevitable phrase, and occasionally appears to have overlooked a chance to retrench the wordiness and to cut out repetitions that were permissible enough in a course of lectures. Yet it must be owned that his criticism is often felicitous, and that it ought to send not a few readers to the great book that used to be read in one's "closet," when "closets" were practicable luxuries.

The two concluding chapters are entitled "The Translation" and "The King James Bible." They form a compendious and most interesting narrative of the labors of Tindale and his successors, and will doubtless prove as useful to teachers as they will be novel and instructive to most readers. Perhaps a few statements in the closing pages, which deal with "The English Bible as a standard for the literature," may be a trifle extravagant and may introduce comparisons between forms of literature that scarcely have a common measure; but in the main one feels on putting down the book that Professor Gardiner, in summing up the position of the Authorized Version in our literature, has been adequate to his important and far from easy task.

Persia: Past and Present. A Book of Travel and Research, with more than 200 illustrations and a map. By A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

The traveller in Iran must love travel for itself—the raw article, not the Twentieth Century Limited variety. He must be content with the shadow of a rock or mud wall at burning noontide, and be proof at night against the bitter winds which sweep the passes over the mountain ranges that traverse the great Iranian plateau like the edges of gigantic saws. Only within the last decade has the Russian road from the Caspian to Teheran been opened. Other roads, in the ordinary sense, there are none, though one may journey from Teheran to Kum and Kasvin by carriage. The traveller's steed follows the shifting track of caravans across the plains, or steps cautiously in the deep holes which countless pack-animals from the time of Darius have worn in the rocky slopes. Railways do not exist, if we except the nondescript affair which conveys pilgrims over the few miles separating Shah 'Abdu'l-Azi'm from the capital, a "line" whose only interest for the traveller is that of curiosity. A so-called English hotel is to be found at Teheran, whose comforts are of a strictly relative character; and a pretentious caravanserai which, when the writer last visited it, provided a well-worn tooth-brush for its guests, blocks the wide avenue which gives a sense of space and dignity to decayed Kasvin. Elsewhere one must arrive early at the end of the last *farsakh* to find room for one's animals in the crowded court of the *chaparkhanah* or decent shelter for one's own camp-bed within its bare walls. But whoever is willing to pay a literal pound of flesh for exhilarating out-of-door life in the saddle, who is not too sensitive to dirt and insects, and who loves the freedom of wide horizons and regions uncontaminated by his native civilization, will find in Persia one of the last strongholds of the unadulterated Orient.

The ordinary approach through the Caucasus by rail, either from Batum on the Black Sea, or Moscow and Vladikavkas, to Baku, on the Caspian, and thence by steamer to Enzeli and Resht, was left by our author at Tiflis for the overland route to Tabriz. In either case Tiflis is the jumping-off place of Western civilization. Whether one proceeds overland or by way of the Caspian, one encounters at once the Oriental disdain for sanitary plumbing. Professor Jackson's reason for entering Persia by way of Azarbaijan was that that province, as he believes, was the birthplace of Zoroaster, and the purpose of his journey was antiquarian study and scholarly research, especially with regard to this great prophet of Iran. It would seem as if this fact ought to have been embodied in some form in the title. "Persia: Past and Present" is misleading, in that it conveys no intimation of the real *motif* of the book. Indeed, except for information scattered through the text, a single chapter of eight pages covers the whole range of Persian history, religion, architecture, and language, and as to Persia Present, one searches in vain for any connected account, statistical or otherwise, of its political, economic, religious, or social life. The reader soon discovers, however, that the Zoroastrian, not the Persian, is the author's real game.

Professor Jackson's chapters fall naturally under the two heads indicated in the preface: those of a descriptive and narrative character, likely to interest the general reader, and those in which "certain technical matters are discussed." As to the former, the author cannot be said to possess the happy gift of making the reader see what he sees and share his experiences. The incidents and accidents of his journey are related pleasantly enough, but the narrative is too academic, not to say pedantic, to convey the rude charm of Persian life and manners. Some of his less ambitious predecessors, who were not over-concerned about a reputation for learning, as Miss Sykes, Browne, Mrs. Bishop, or Lady Durand, have caught more of the Persian atmosphere in their pictures. The step which separates a languid interest from the fascination that makes one eager to get into the saddle and follow the author's track is a long one, and we imagine Professor Jackson's work will be more successful in interesting those who know Persia than in stirring the imagination of those who do not.

But, after all, it is Persia as the birthplace of Zoroaster and the home of his religion with which Professor Jackson is concerned, and we know of no volume containing so complete an account of the present condition and religious rites of the fire-worshippers, combined with so much information on the history and traditions of this sect. The study of this subject on the spot is greatly facilitated by the fondness of the Persian for metaphysical speculation, a source of information of which the author avails himself at every opportunity. It is doubtful whether in any other country philosophical discussion plays so important a rôle in ordinary social intercourse. Sects of every description have flourished in Persia from the earliest times down to the Babis and Sheykhis of to-day. Professor Jackson, who assigns the appearance of Zoroaster to the early half of the seventh century B. C., regards him as beyond doubt an actual historic personage, and seeks to identify various localities historically or traditionally associated with his name. Thus he considers it "reasonably probable" that the tract of reeds on the southern border of Lake Urumiah is the district where he made his first convert as told in the Pahlavi writings; and that Mount Savalan, near Ardabil, is the mountain on which the prophet communed with Ormuzd and received divine revelations. To the present reviewer these and similar identifications seem to rest too largely on the author's evident enthusiasm for his subject. Far more important and tangible are the results of Professor Jackson's investigation of the probable site of ancient Ecbatana, which he places at Hamadan instead of Takht-i-Suleiman. His reasons for differing from the conclusions of Rawlinson are forcibly stated in a wholly scientific spirit, a remark which applies to all his discussions of questions resting on historic as distinguished from mythical data.

But the most important chapter of Professor Jackson's book is that which treats of the great rock sculptures of Behistan and the readings of the cuneiform inscriptions of Darius. Since the days when Rawlinson first copied these almost inaccessible records, no attempt to verify his transcription has proved successful. The immense space of nearly 500 by 100 feet covered by the inscriptions is some 300 feet above the base of the ravine on the precipitous rock, and, as stated by Rawlinson, "the climbing of the rock . . . is a feat . . . which an antiquary alone could be expected to undertake." Professor Jackson succeeded in examining most of the doubtful passages, and in verifying in general the remarkable transcript of Rawlinson made over sixty years ago; and the account both of his perilous climb and its results are given with noteworthy modesty.

The book is not very fully indexed, but is profusely and well illustrated, and provided with an excellent map. Some slight errors, perhaps inseparable from so short a sojourn, are observable, as for example the statement that the American legation at Teheran has occupied the same grounds since its establishment in 1883. Unfortunately, in Teheran, as in most other capitals, the American legation is a literal nomad.

Emma, Lady Hamilton. By Walter Sichel. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5 net.

Deep violet-gray eyes and tresses of auburn tipped with gold are designed by nature to play an active part in the affairs of mankind. From Horatio Nelson to Walter Sichel the victims of Lady Hamilton's charms are innumerable, and, curiously enough, even her enemies are to be numbered in the category. For few writers have approached this extraordinary woman and retained their balance; those who have seen her bright side have become apologists, those who have seen the reverse only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have defamed her; one of our own historians, Capt. Mahan, is nearly alone in maintaining his composure when dealing with her disconcerting memory.

Every beauty will meet with detractors; the Venus de Medici finds critics. And, moreover, age must tell. Travellers, whom Mr. Sichel does not quote, have asserted that Emma Hamilton was fat and vulgar. Doubtless there were persons to whom, and times at which, that aspect predominated. But, on the whole, such opinions may be disregarded, and there can be not the vestige of a doubt that from her youth until at least the close of her career as ambassadress, she was gloriously beautiful. And more than beautiful, for she was by nature an actress, every expression, every gesture, a skilled heightening of her fascination. She learned to play on the emotions, and so it was that when, after the dismal experiences of youth, after passing through the hands of the calculating Greville and of the uninspiring Hamilton, she met Nelson, a spark was touched that fired both their natures into a mutual blaze.

The compatibility of the temperaments of the two was so great as to make their linked destinies something that now appears inevitable, almost excusable. Nelson was weakest and strongest at once in his high-wrought emotional temperament, driving him at times into folly of speech and action, and at others to a pitch of heroism that gave his country the empire of the seas. To meet such a man at the moment when the struggle for the Mediterranean between France and England was at its supreme crisis, at the moment when she had just risen from the basest rank a woman may hold, to be ambassadress at the court of Naples, the centre of the storm, was decisive of Emma Hamilton's future. Her adoration, like England's, was flung at the feet of the lion-hearted admiral, who was struggling to achieve the destruction of Bonaparte. What more natural? What more deserving of sympathy?

But, and it is here that we must abandon Mr. Sichel, it is possible to see all this and yet go no further. Nelson may have been the greatest of admirals, Emma Hamilton the most beautiful of women, their amours the finest possible frenzy of high-wrought emotion, without disarranging all the facts of history to strengthen these perfectly arguable propositions. But this is, in effect, what Mr. Sichel does. He has undeniable talent, but it clearly is not of the historical variety. His pages continuously shock the reader acquainted with the period, not by gross lapses, but by constant petty distortions that are too minute to criticise, and that may best be summed up as indicating a complete lack of the historical sense. It is essentially this that robs the book of value; and the largest example of the fault is to be found in the treatment of the controversial point concerning the alleged secret order of Queen Mary Caroline for the provisioning of Nelson's ships in 1798. The matter is far too lengthy to be set out adequately here. Suffice it to say that the chief cause of Mr. Sichel's floundering in this question is that he does not grasp the essential fact that King Ferdinand and Acton ruled Naples, while the Queen had no authority whatever, only influence. Another bad instance of his judgment is the contempt with which he treats the policy of the King, Acton, and Gallo, which, but for the pressure of Nelson and the Queen, would undoubtedly have saved Naples from the French invasion and the horrors of 1799. Mr. Sichel makes a great show of manuscript, the importance of which he altogether overrates, but is very imperfectly acquainted with the printed authorities; his book only adds one more controversial landmark to this much debated topic. The illustrations are, however, most interesting.

Drama.

Garrick and His Circle. By Mrs. Clement Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is a work of vastly superior quality to the great majority of books, especially those of recent date, relating to the stage and its associations. It is really a study of a period, showing extraordinary industry in research, rare discrimination in the selection of material, a keen sense of what is vital in characterization, a most commendable desire for accuracy, and a judgment at once sane, acute, and humorous. Of course, it has nothing new in the way of fact to offer, being, in effect, simply a compendious extract from the great body of printed stuff, good, bad, or indifferent, about Garrick and his intimates, but Mrs. Parsons has been so indefatigable that her single volume may be said to contain the essence of a good-sized library. It will be invaluable to all who may desire to acquaint themselves with theatrical and social conditions during the latter half of the eighteenth century in England, but are unable to go to the original sources of information. Her style, moreover, is so vivacious and her comment so keen and witty, so completely free from any appearance of labor or learning, that the casual reader, absorbed in the sprightly gossip, might easily be unmindful of the store of information behind it. The long list of quoted authorities which she furnishes reveals only a part of her ubiquitous inquiries.

Perhaps the clearest idea of the scope of her work may be obtained from a glance at the different sections into which it is subdivided. Each of them, it may be noted, is a finished little essay in itself. As a whole, they tell a continuous story, and although of necessity they overlap to a certain extent, they never repeat. The introduction is a sketch of life in the Lichfield of the eighteenth century, with amusing anecdotes of the social prejudices of the period. Then follows a paper on Garrick's early days in London and the Woffington episode. Next he is exhibited at the zenith of his fame and popularity as the dictator of Old Drury. Later on, after chapters on old theatrical ways, Kitty Clive and others, and Mrs. Garrick, there is a picture of Garrick in his green-room. Then come brief sketches of the contemporary dramatists, an account of the famous "Club," a review of Garrick's literary output, a lively picture of the ways of the beaux and belles of the day, a description of the provincial theatres in England and Ireland, etc. Last of all is the story of Garrick's social triumphs on the Continent, of the pleasant days of his retirement, of his death and his burial in Westminster Abbey. All these are well and compactly done.

Garrick's every peculiarity, physical and mental, has been catalogued with a precision and amplitude which prove how constantly he made himself the centre of observation. Even without the canvases, which represent him in his habit as he lived, it would be comparatively easy to form a mental picture of him. His graceful, well-proportioned figure, his mobility of feature, his lustrous eyes and eloquent mouth, his expressive hands and orchestral voice, his incessant vivacity, his ready wit, his Protean gifts, his vanity, his fascination, his kindliness, have been enlarged upon, over and over again, with copious illustration. Mrs. Parsons is unable, nor does she try, to add to the mass of accumulated detail, but she rejects much that is legendary. Thus she works up a highly finished portrait, for the veracity of which such men as Johnson, Burke, Boswell, Goldsmith, and Garrick himself—in his correspondence—stand sponsors. In one respect, at least, she does good service to his memory by showing how little foundation there is for the charge of habitual parsimony which it was once the fashion to bring against him. Some recent biographers have touched upon this point, but she offers indisputable proof that he was not only charitable, but often largely generous, though prudent in minor expenditures, as behooved a man who had heavy financial responsibilities and was subject to innumerable claims upon his private purse. Over his petty vanity she does not attempt to throw any veil. The great genius, who could hold a little world in thrall with his Lear or Macbeth, could descend to the most lamentable buffooneries to get the laugh which he craved. What gross violence he did to the Shakspere whom he professed to hold—and doubtless did hold after a fashion—in such veneration, is a matter of melancholy notoriety, and Mrs. Parsons remorselessly sets down some of his worst offences in this kind. Doubtless there was more than a grain of truth in Johnson's surly dictum that he was deficient in lofty and serious purpose. The centre of the stage and a full treasury were among his highest ambitions and the character of the play—some of the trash which he put upon the stage is amazing—was of less account in his eyes than the opportunity for personal display.

Mrs. Parsons has an interesting chapter, too, on the theatrical reforms which Garrick effected, but this, of course, to the expert is all ancient history. Some of her most interesting pages are devoted to the admirable domestic life of Garrick and to the virtues of his wife, to whom he gave such life-long devotion, and who was such an invaluable helpmate to him, both in his social and business career. Theirs was a romance which never ended until his dead body was borne from her side to Westminster Abbey. If space permitted it would be pleasant to quote freely from the incident and anecdote which crowd the pages. It may be said, however, in conclusion that the sketches of Garrick's most famous or notorious contemporaries, Kitty Clive, Woffington, Quin, Foote, Sheridan, Burke, Goldsmith, Johnson, Fanny Burney, Reynolds, and count-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less others, are etched with a bold, free, and skilful hand.

In the November *Atlantic*, Prof. George P. Baker prints a number of hitherto unpublished letters of Garrick, taken from the collection of J. H. Leigh. Others are to follow. In the present batch, there is none that sheds additional light upon any statement in Mrs. Parsons's Book. Certain references which she makes, seem, indeed, to indicate that some at least of these Leigh letters passed under her inspection.

The "Cæsar and Cleopatra" of Bernard Shaw, which was played for the first time in this country in the New Amsterdam Theatre, on Tuesday night, cannot be taken very seriously as drama, but merits attention as something new in the way of light entertainment for intelligent persons. It is really a superior form of historical extravaganza, with a semi-serious passage introduced here and there to give it appearance of solidity. As usual, Mr. Shaw has made his characters the mouthpieces of his own opinions upon affairs of the universe, but his views are so wittily expressed, and are productive of so much amusement, that it would be churlish to object to them as inappropriate to either person or period. Really humorous dialogue is too rare upon the stage, nowadays, not to be precious even when it is stuffed with strange heresies; and much of Mr. Shaw's dialogue is comparable with that of W. S. Gilbert. In Forbes Robertson, for whom he wrote the part, Mr. Shaw has found an almost ideal Julius Cæsar. The actor not only looks the character, but plays it the right way, without a trace of exaggeration even in the most fantastic scenes, and in the occasional serious interludes with great intellectual dignity and force. His elocution was admirable. It was a delight to hear the English language spoken with such clearness and crispness and nicety of emphasis. The speech of his whole company, indeed, was uncommonly good, and the general performance of notable excellence. Mr. Robertson's artistic taste asserted itself in the remarkable beauty of the scenery, costumes, and groupings. The representation was warmly received.

Miss Lena Ashwell, accounted one of the most powerful emotional actresses on the London stage, formerly a member of Henry Irving's Lyceum Company, made her first appearance in this city on Monday evening, in the Lyric Theatre, and achieved an emphatic personal success. Her face is highly intelligent; in the quieter passages she acts with close attention to the finer points of suggestive detail, and in more passionate scenes with large and varied control of vocal and facial expression. Beyond question she is a performer of much more than common ability, but no conclusive estimate of her powers can be formed from her one performance in "The Shulamite," which is a gloomy, painful, and rather crude play. It is an adaptation from the novel of that name by Claude Askew and Edward Knoblauch. In it she appears as the lovely drudge of a bigoted and brutal South African Boer. Miss Ashwell, however, dignified the performance by an impersonation which was consistent, and marked with much skill the progressive development, through the inspiration of love, of an abject, spiritless, and hopeless woman into a resolute and devoted creature, capable of any sacrifice or audacity. It was in the delicate suggestion of hidden suffering that she was most successful, but there was no lack of eloquence or vehemence in her more tempestuous moments. It should be noted that she created her effects without much aid from her associate actors, who were mostly incapable. Artistically, the weakest point in her performance was her elocution, which is often very bad.

H. B. Irving closed his first New York engagement Saturday evening with a performance of "King Charles I." He has achieved an artistic, if not an overwhelming commercial, success. At present his father's fame is rather a handicap than a help, for he has to endure the test of comparisons, which are sometimes founded on prejudice, and are in themselves misleading and unjust. It would be absurd to pretend that he now possesses the extraordinary personal force, the almost mesmeric charm, which made the impersonations of his father—even when most eccentric—so thrilling and authoritative; but his father did not have this power in any marked degree until he was approaching the meridian of his career. Judged solely on his own merits, the young Irving must be assigned to a place in the first rank of living romantic actors. The full extent of his capacities, or his limitations, will not be known until he has been seen in such rôles as Shylock, Hamlet, and Macbeth; but much may be expected of a man capable of playing such diverse parts as Malatesta, Charles I., Dautran, and Markheim.

The Ben Greet Players are again in this country. They will devote the first few weeks of the season to the South; beginning with "Everyman" at the University of Virginia. All the plays included in last year's repertory will be reproduced. About Easter a series of performances will be given at one of the Broadway theatres. "All's Well That Ends Well," the whole of "Hamlet," and possibly both parts of "Henry IV." will be this year's addition to the repertory.

A Malone Society has been formed in England, for the purpose of making accessible material for the study of the early English drama. The society will publish reprints of old plays, chiefly in the Tudor period, and documents illustrative of the history of the stage. The plan is to print the following plays early in the new year: "Wealth and Health," "St. John the Evangelist," Peele's "Battle of Alcazar," 1594; and Greene's "Orlando Furioso," 1594. The first two plays were long thought to be lost, but they have recently been recovered. The extent of the society's activity will depend upon the number of members, at a guinea a subscription. The society hopes to issue each year one play or other such publication for every twenty-five members. The committee in charge of organization consists of F. S. Boas, E. K. Chambers, R. B. McKerrow, A. W. Pollard, and W. W. Greg. The address of Mr. Greg, the secretary, is Park Lodge, Wimbledon, S. W.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's play, "More Than Love," which was presented at Rome for the first time Monday night, is reported to be a complete failure.

Music.

THE COMING MUSICAL SEASON.

The arrival from Europe of Camille Saint-Saëns, the leading composer of France, calls attention to one of the striking feature of the musical season now opening. It was inaugurated, three weeks before the usual date, by Signor Leoncavallo, one of the three most prominent composers Italy has produced since Verdi, the other two being Mascagni and Puccini. Mascagni we had with us a few years ago, and Puccini, as we have noted, is to be here later for the production of his latest opera, "Madama Butterfly," at the Metropolitan Opera House. Paderewski also had planned to come here in order to accompany the Boston Orchestra when it plays his new symphony, but his coming is now regarded as extremely doubtful, for the symphony is not yet finished. From Russia we shall get Scriabine. Prominent composers have visited us heretofore—among them Rubinstein, Dvorák, Tchaikovsky, Weingartner, Humperdinck, Elgar, Johann and Richard Strauss; but never have so many been here in one year. Among the few whom we have not had an opportunity to welcome are Grieg, Massenet, Goldmark, and Sibelius.

The only new conductor we shall be called upon to judge is Dr. Muck, the leader, for a year, of the Boston Orchestra. Though one of the "Parsifal" pilots at Bayreuth for a number of years, Dr. Muck is understood to be rather conservative and unemotional. He will thus serve as a foil to the fiery Safonoff, who is to conduct the Philharmonic Society for three years. Mr. Safonoff, however, is by no means always ablaze, or suggestive of the impetuous Cossack; he knows when calmness is called for.

While the Philharmonic Society has not yet issued its prospectus, one gets the impression, from a glance at the general situation, that orchestral novelties will be few. This is not a reason for special regret, since few contemporary composers are distinguishing themselves. But, apart from Paderewski, whose works are not heard as often as they deserve to be, there are at least two European composers who have heretofore been neglected here—the Finnish Sibelius and the Austrian Bruckner. Maud Powell is enthusiastic over the violin concerto of Sibelius, which she is to introduce to us, and Walter Damrosch has on his list for the New York Symphony Orchestra a Bruckner scherzo; but these are only samples. Nor is there any indication that the leading orchestral organizations will devote considerable attention to American composers. In this respect English composers are much more fortunate.

Opera-goers, as a rule, are not clamoring for novelties. If they can hear "Faust," "Carmen," "Lohengrin," and a dozen other favorite works given by the best singers, they are satisfied. Yet it is in the opera houses that the principal novelties of the year are to be looked for. Competition has already had its effect at the Metropolitan Opera House. Richard Strauss's sensational "Salome" is promised as the chief attraction. There will also be six more novelties: Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur," Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" and "Fe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dora," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and "Madama Butterfly," and a stage version of Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust." The Manhattan Opera House is also staging this work. For the rest, the Manhattan relies on the familiar repertory, with a few revivals, like "Norma," "La Juive," "Mignon," and, above all, Auber's masterwork, known here as "Masaniello." In the lists of both managers there is an unusually large proportion of Italian operas. This is due less to a revival of interest than to the fact that the managers place more reliance on their chief tenors—Italians both—than on even their lists of famous prima donnas.

Whether New York can support two grand opera houses at the highest prices for four months, when other American cities find it difficult to support one for a week, is yet to be seen. In 1883-1884, the attempt to run two companies in this city, with a repertory chiefly Italian, resulted in disaster to both. But that was nearly a quarter of a century ago, and in this period New York has not only grown much bigger, but has become more and more the winter resort of wealthy families. Whatever the outcome, we shall have about 150 operatic performances, and perhaps twice that number of concerts. To be sure, we are still far behind the German cities, which have opera ten months a year, or London, which now boasts of having music from the first of January to the 31st of December. But if we do not have 800 concerts a year, like Berlin, or fifty in one week, as sometimes in London, we have all we need.

The death of Germany's most eminent teacher of singing, Julius Stockhausen, has revived the question as to his relations with Richard Wagner. It is certain that Wagner greatly admired Stockhausen, for he invited him, in 1864, to become the head of the vocal department of the projected Academy of Music in Munich. Stockhausen could not accept this offer, because a contract tied him to Hamburg. Some of the German newspapers have tried to convey the impression that Stockhausen did not admire Wagner, and thought that Wagner's music ruined the voice. Stockhausen himself defined his attitude, not long before his death, in these words:

> Contrary to the prevalent opinion, I am firmly convinced that Wagner's music absolutely does not ruin the voice or shorten a singer's career. . . . If voices are ruined by Wagner singing, this is not the fault of Wagner, but of the singer who tries, before his voice is properly trained, to make it attempt the most difficult task that can be set—that of mastering the Wagnerian style of song (*Sprachgesang*).

Madame Nordica will give her first concert in this city in seven years at Carnegie Hall, Tuesday evening, January 8. On this occasion she will be assisted by Walter Damrosch and his orchestra.

Art.

American Silver. By R. T. H. Halsey. Boston: Published by the Museum of Fine Arts.

"American Silver," dealing with the work of seventeenth and eighteenth century silversmiths, is a most creditable catalogue of a loan exhibition held during the past six months at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The text, which includes an introduction with lives of the chief Boston makers, has been prepared by R. T. H. Halsey, and represents original research in a virtually untrodden field. The press-work is that of the Gillis Press, and is fastidiously elegant, most attractive perhaps in the catalogue proper, with its combination of rubricated numbers, Caslon type, and copies of the inscriptions on the pieces in a cursive character. Thirty-eight half-tone plates illustrate practically the entire collection. How rich is the material here studied in pioneer fashion may be realized from the fact that besides the ninety silversmiths represented by these 332 pieces, Mr. Halsey adds in an appendix the names of 329 other artisans of the period whose work is scarcely known.

To many this handsome catalogue will appeal most strongly as a bit of painstaking antiquarianism. But the silver itself is of considerable artistic merit. The Colonial craftsmen stood by their English models. Their part was not to invent striking designs, but to present accepted forms in admirable workmanship. They appealed to a sober but correct taste. These bowls, flagons, porringers, beakers, urns, teapots, etc., that stood on Colonial sideboards were in preëstablished harmony with the excellent Georgian dwellings they adorned, as with the scraps of Horace and Virgil that furnished the inside of the proprietors' heads. We do well to remind ourselves of a time when American taste, if uninventive, was at least unvulgarized. This silver, with its obvious limitations, is better worth the while of an art museum than any subsequently produced among us.

By providing a loan exhibition catalogue that is really a hand-book of the subject, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has established a valuable precedent. How many similar exhibitions in the past have gone by with nothing but a flimsy hand-list to commemorate them! This authoritative catalogue gives promise of a time when experts will as readily lend their learning to such a cause as collectors have always lent their more tangible treasures.

The constantly renewed demand for inexpensive houses in the suburbs of the great cities and on the village street causes the publication of "Palliser's Up-to-Date House Plans" (J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.). It presents on the front cover a half-tone print of a very effective house in old colonial style, the plan of which will be found inside. That house is grandiose enough, and is assumed to cost $18,000 when built of "Philadelphia pressed brick with white marble trimmings," and if those trimmings include the tetrastyle portico and the pilasters which serve as responds to the four columns (for one must be technical in describing so stately a front), that would seem to be a low price for the work. Few of the houses presented are as elegant as that, although there is one which in cost exceeds it largely, and several more require about the same outlay. The material is generally undetermined, though stone is mentioned in one case and brick veneer in another. The others are all shown as presumably built of frame with clapboard sheathing, and the cost reaches $9,000 in some cases, and again falls as low as $1,000. The little cuts of the exteriors are all from drawings made in perspective in the regulation way, according to the office rules, and they are not attractive; but to the person who is pleased by one of the plans given, such a view of the house shows at least what may be made of it. It would be a good idea to state on the cover or in another prominent place that any one of these plans is susceptible of an exterior in some respects different from the one offered.

In spite of the discouragement Dr. C. Waldstein received from the Italian Government two years ago, he has by no means given up his scheme of excavating Herculaneum. Recent numbers of the *Neue Freie Presse* and the *Corriere della Sera* give accounts of interviews with him, in which he expounds his great project with as much enthusiasm as before. He still believes in making it an international undertaking. Italy—or, indeed, any country—is too poor to sustain the enormous expenses required for the purpose single-handed. Accordingly, Dr. Waldstein proposes that there shall be formed committees composed of eminent men for the purpose of raising subscriptions. These committees are to be connected with an international committee sitting in Rome, of which the head shall be the King of Italy. To this committee each nation shall send two representatives, but Italy shall have four—the minister of public instruction, the sindaco of Naples, and two others. The excavations shall be carried on by the most capable and experienced archæologists of the various nations, under the direction of Italy. All objects found shall remain in Italy. Whatever our opinions on the feasibility of this particular scheme, there is no doubt that the excavation of this place, if ever it comes to pass, will be a matter of great public interest. Herculaneum, buried during the famous outbreak of Vesuvius in 79 A. D., was a richer and more artistic city than Pompeii, its fellow victim. While the latter was a mere provincial town, Herculaneum was a favorite summer residence of fashionable Romans. Moreover, the catastrophe happened before the inhabitants could take refuge in great numbers, as was the case in Pompeii, and they could not, therefore, in this case, return and carry away their most precious possessions. The great objection hitherto raised against the excavations, that Herculaneum is covered with hard lava, is, according to Dr. Waldstein, no longer valid. The strata of lava are due to the eruptions of the last centuries; the city itself was covered with burning mud, a substance comparatively easy to remove.

Excavations on the site of ancient Numantia are to be continued. After last year's successful campaign the Spanish minister of public instruction declares that he will do his utmost to further the work, and if difficulties should arise from exaggerated demands of the present owners of the property, the land will be expropriated. A museum for future finds is to be erected. It will be remembered that, underneath the remains of the Roman city of Numantia, was found the Iberian city which the Roman General Scipio burned in 133 B. C. Still lower were discovered remains of an early pre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

historic settlement, which in some ways resembles the second city of Troy. The pottery is at first quite rude, but later is decorated with geometrical designs. It would seem that during the eighth century B. C. this settlement was in active communication with the eastern part of the Mediterranean. Further excavations should produce interesting results.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the T Square Club of Philadelphia announce a joint exhibition to be held in the galleries of the academy from the 1st to the 30th of December. The exhibition will cover the field of architecture in its broadest sense, and will include all the arts to which it is related. As in the twelve previous annual T Square Club exhibitions, the department of architectural design will predominate. The department of mural painting will be conducted with the coöperation of the National Society of Mural Painters.

An exhibition of paintings by Norwegian and Scandinavian artists will be held in Boston by the Copley Society some time during the winter.

An interesting exhibition of Russian art has been opened in Paris, in some dozen halls annexed to the Salon d'Automne. Among the most remarkable works are five portraits by Dmitri Levitsky; a superb bust of the Emperor Paul the First, by Theodore Stchedrine; a bust of Catherine the Second, by Rokotow; several busts by Schoubine, and portraits by Borovikovsky.

Henri Bouchot, recently deceased, in his fifty-seventh year, was an extraordinary combination of bibliophile and art connoisseur such as only France produces. A prolific writer on many topics, he arranged and enumerated the Exposition of French Primitives, 1904, in a monumental work that won him general recognition. He was director of the Print Department of the Bibliothèque Nationale and a member of the Academy of Fine Arts. His latest and perhaps most congenial work was the Exposition of Eighteenth Century French Art at the Bibliothèque. His contributions to the history of early French painting, to the history of engraving, and the typographical art are too numerous to mention here.

Science.

REMARKABLE HUMAN BONES IN A NEBRASKA MOUND.

LINCOLN, Neb., October 26.

In a mound near Omaha, Neb., have been exhumed some human remains which seem likely to attract more than passing attention. The finder, R. F. Gilder, has been interested in the archæology of the Missouri valley and the region beyond, and has previously unearthed at various points numerous objects of interest and value. In this case the remains were found in a mound located on a conspicuous hill crest, and are unusually well preserved. Mr. Gilder reports that in a cleared area some thirty-five feet in diameter, the skeletons had been arranged so that two were in a sitting posture and the others recumbent with heads to the centre and bodies radiating therefrom. From the positions of the bones it appeared that the flesh had been stripped off before the skeletons were placed on the area, although no marks of a tool have yet been found on the bones. Once placed, these bones were covered over with clay to a depth of eighteen to twenty-four inches, and a fire was built upon the top. The layer of ashes was later covered by earth which had been scraped up with shells, and the fragments of the shells are still demonstrable in the earth mass. The latter now measures some four feet in thickness. It is, of course, apparent that the half-baked clay would serve as an admirable protection from the destructive elements, especially in view of the naturally perfect drainage of this location. A small triangular flint knife and a number of fine pink quartzite spalls are the only other objects found in the area excavated.

None of the skeletons is complete, and many of the bones are imperfect, yet some peculiar features are apparent on first examination. Most striking of all is undoubtedly the lateral aspect of the cranium. The supra-orbital ridges are massive and prominent, while the frontal bone slopes almost directly backward in a way which forcibly recalls the most primitive human crania yet discovered. The lower jaw is abnormally developed, its muscle attachments are prominent, and the teeth, even the usually unused third molar, are worn down to the gum. The bones are heavy, and their muscle attachments strongly developed, while both femur and ulna display a marked and peculiar curvature forward. In fact almost every part of the skeleton departs from the type of the human skeleton to-day in some particular, and in general these differences indicate a more primitive type. The exact bearing of these peculiarities will be clearer after the completion of the detailed study of the bones already begun by Profs. Erwin H. Barbour and Henry B. Ward of the University of Nebraska, to whom the specimens have been entrusted for exact measurement and comparison with recorded data.

Of the importance of this discovery there can be no doubt, even though its significance is not clear at this moment. The remains are not readily referable to any known aboriginal race of this continent, but before the completion of exact comparative studies all speculation as to the age of the remains, the character and habits of the people they represent, or their relation to later known tribes, appears somewhat premature. This find, together with others important but less widely known, and with some yet unpublished discoveries regarding the remains of prehistoric man in Iowa, Nebraska, and westward, indicate clearly that the thorough examination of this region will add much to our knowledge of early races on this continent.

The Principles of Botany. By Joseph Y. Bergen and Bradley M. Davis. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.

There are now so many text-books of botany that nearly all of the available titles have been appropriated, and therefore some of the older titles are being used over again. It is now about sixty years since Dr. Lankester published his excellent translation of Schleiden's "Principles of Botany," a work which with its polemic had much to do with the stimulation of research at the beginning of one of the most important epochs in the science. It was the point of time when the subject of plant-fertilization was being assiduously studied with imperfect lenses and with more imperfect methods. Protoplasm, the formless creator of form, was just revealing itself, and, under the rude chemistry of that day, appeared to be marvellously simple in its structure. It is extremely interesting to compare such a work as Schleiden's in the forties, with this work by Bergen and Davis, standing as a sane exposition of the views held at the first decade of our new century. We have space for only a few points of contrast. At the outset, it is seen that a good deal of the older foundation-work still stands unmoved by recent investigation, but upon this secure foundation nearly all of the superstructure has been reconstructed. Old partitions, such as that between the flowerless and the flowering plants, have been broken through or taken down, and the whole edifice has been rebuilt symmetrically throughout.

The earlier work did not have the advantage of being prepared in the strong light which theories of evolution have cast over the whole field of affinities; the dawn was then just beginning. Consequently we find, as we should expect to find, totally new views expressed in the newer book, as to relationships between plants, and we may further say, between plants and their environment. Now these subjects are difficult of presentation in a text-book. Even advanced students find some of the matters hard to understand. The evidence of relationship between the lower and some of the higher plants is based for the most part upon examination with the microscope, and in some instances the work of investigation is extremely technical. It is simply impossible to have the average student obtain the evidence of some of these relationships at first hand; he is obliged to take much of it on trust. Here, then, is a perplexing question in pedagogics. The authors are well fitted to meet it, and in our opinion they have met it well. Mr. Bergen is a teacher with large experience, who possesses a certain sympathy with the pupil which goes a long way towards bridging over serious difficulties. Professor Davis is an investigator who has achieved distinction in many portions of the field of morphology, and he has presented his suggestions and statements clearly. The two have been in close touch throughout the preparation of the book, and team-work is always best.

The Harvard Observatory is mounting a sixty-inch reflector which will materially increase the efficiency of the astronomical equipment. The reflector, which is one of the three largest in existence, will be used to make observations on faint stars and nebulæ.

The Royal Scottish Museum at Edinburgh has been given the collection of shells of British mollusca, about 5,600 specimens, belonging to the late Richard Rinmer.

The Oxford University Press is publishing Dr. Koenigsberger's "Life of Hermann von Helmholtz," translated by Francis A. Welby. Lord Kelvin furnishes a Preface,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in which he points out Helmholtz's unique position as a master and leader in mathematics, and in biology and physics.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abendschein, Albert. The Secret of the Old Masters. Appletons. $1 net.
Addison, Joseph, Selections from the Works of. Edited by Edward B. Reed. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.
Ade, George. In Pastures New. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Alston, Leonard. Stoic and Christian in the Second Century. Longmans.
Archer-Shepherd, E. H. Burning Questions in the Light of To-day. London: Rivingtons. 2s. 6d. net.
Austin, Mary. The Flock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Baker, George Barr, and others. Mother's Geese. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Bates, Arlo. Talks on Teaching Literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.30 net.
Battersby, H. F. Prevost. The Evening Hour. Appleton. $1.50.
Beckwith, Clarence Augustine. Realities of Christian Theology. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Beebe, C. William. The Bird. Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 net.
Bell, Lilian. Why Men Remain Bachelors, and Other Luxuries. John Lane Co.
Bellamy, Charles J. The Wonder Children. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Belloc, Hilaire. Hills and the Sea. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Bennett, John. The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard. Century Co. $1.50.
Bibliography of the History of the United States Navy. Compiled by Charles T. Harbeck. Privately printed.
Bond, R. Warwick. Montaigne. Henry Frowde.
Booth, Maud Ballington. Twilight Fairy Tales. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Böttger, W. Amerikanisches Hochschulwesen. Leipzig.
Bourne, Edward Gaylord. Columbus, Ramon Pane and the Beginning of American Anthropology. Worcester, Mass.
Brandes, Georg. Main Currents in the Nineteenth Century Literature. 6 vols. Macmillan Co.
Brinton, Davis. Trusia. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.
Brontë, Charlotte. The Professor. Henry Frowde.
Burgess, Gelett. Are You a Bromide? B. W. Huebsch. 50 cents.
Burke, Edmund. Vol. II. Henry Frowde.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson. Queen Silver-Bell.—Racketty-Packetty House. Century Co. 60 cents each.
Burnham, Clara Louise. The Opened Shutters. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Cabot, Ella Lyman. Everyday Ethics. Henry Holt & Co.
Carey, Rosa Nouchette. No Friend Like a Sister. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Carpenter, Edward Childs. Captain Courtesy. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Carpenter, George R. Rhetoric and English Composition. Macmillan Co. $1.10.
Castlemen, Virginia Carter. Roger of Fairfield. Neale Publishing Co.
Chapman, J. Wilbur. S. H. Hadley of Water Street. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Charles, Frances. Pardner of Blossom Range. Boston: Little Brown & Co. $1.50.
Colton, Arthur. The Cruise of the Violetta. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Conspectus of American Biography. Compiled by George Derby. James T. White & Co. $10.
Conway, Moncure Daniel. My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Cook, Albert S. The Higher Study of English. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Coolidge, Susan. Last Verses. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Correspondence of William Pitt. Edited by Gertrude Selwyn Kimball. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Amulet. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Crowley, Mary Catherine. In Treaty with Honor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Daly, T. A. Canzoni. Philadelphia: Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Co. $1.
Dargan, Olive Tilford. Lords and Lovers and Other Dramas. Scribners.
Davis, Richard Harding. Farces. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Deakin, Dorothea. "Georgie." Century Co. $1.50.
Defoe, Daniel. Captain Singleton. Henry Frowde.
Dunbar, Paul Lawrence. Joggin' Erlong. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Dunne, Finley Peter. Dissertations by Mr. Dooley. Harpers. $1.50.
Eaton, Seymour. The Roosevelt Bears. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co.
Eichendorf, Joseph F. von. The Happy-Go-Lucky. Translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Ellis, Clara Spalding. What's Next, or Shall a Man Live Again? Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Emerson's Friendship and Character. Century Co. $1.
Fenollosa, Mary McNeil. The Dragon Painter. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Fitch, M. H. The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.
Fitzgerald, Percy. Sir Henry Irving. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Foster's Skat Manual. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Fox, John, jr. A Knight of the Cumberland. Scribners.
Fullerton, G. S. Introduction to Philosophy. Macmillan Co. $1.60.
Fulton, Edward. Rhetoric and Composition. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Gainsborough, Drawings of. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Garneau, Alfred. Poésies. Montreal: Beauchemin.
Gasquet, Abbot. Lord Acton and His Circle. Longmans. $4.50 net.
Gilder, R. W. A Book of Music. Century Co. $1 net.
Glyn, Elinor. Beyond the Rocks. Harpers. $1.50.
Golden Poems. Edited by Francis F. Browne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Gordon, George A. Through Man to God. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Gosse, Edmund. Modern English Literature. F. A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.
Greely, A. W. *Handbook of Polar Discoveries.* Boston, Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Grose, Howard B. The Incoming Millions. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents net.
Hale's Man Without a Country. Century Co. $1.
Hall, Edward. Paul the Apostle. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.
Hay, Marie. A German Pompadour. Imported by Scribners. $3.50 net.
Howells, William Dean. Certain Delightful English Towns. Harpers. $3 net.
Hawks, Wells. Moonshine Strategy. Baltimore: I. & M. Ottenheimer.
Hobart, H. M. Continuous-Current Dynamo Design. Macmillan Co. $3.
Hodges, George. The Pursuit of Happiness. Doubleday, Page & Co. 75 cents.
Holmes, Daniel Henry. A Pedlar's Pack. E. D. North. $5.
Huebsch, Daniel A. Pathway to the Fields of Art. Published by the Author. 25 cents net.
Jerram, C. S. Anglice Reddenda. Vol. II. Henry Frowde.
Kempster, Aguila. Salvage. Appleton. $1.50.
Kerbey, J. Orton. The Land of To-morrow. W. F. Brainard. $1.50.
Kildare, Owen. My Old Bailiwick. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Knowles, Robert E. The Undertow. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Kobbé, Gustav. How to Appreciate Music. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.
Ladd, Horatio Oliver. Chunda. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.
Lafargue, Paul. Social and Philosophical Studies. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents.
Lee, Sidney. Shakespeare and the Modern Stage. Scribners. $2 net.
London, Jack. White Fang. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Mackaye, James. The Politics of Utility. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 50 cents net.
Manual of Style. University of Chicago Press.
Martens, Etude de F. de. Par la Justice Vers la Paix. G. E. Stechert.
McMullen, Lynn B. Forty Lessons in Physics. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Millet, Jean François, Drawings of. Introduction by Léonce Bénédite. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Mitchell, J. A. The Silent War. Life Publishing Co. $1.50.
Moss, Sanford A. Elements of Gas Engine Design. D. Van Nostrand Co. 50 cents net.
Müller, Max. Memories. Translated by George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Musset, Alfred de. Poésies Choisies. Henry Frowde.
Neera. The Soul of an Artist. Translated by E. L. Murison. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
Nelson's Encyclopædia. Edited by F. M. Colby and G. Sandeman. Vol. VII. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Nibelungenlied, The. Translated by John Storer Cobb. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Nicoll, W. Robertson. The Key of the Blue Closet. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.
Noyes, Alfred. Poems. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Ober, Frederick A. Balboa. Harpers.
Orange Fairy Book, The. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60 net.
Ostini, Fritz von. Wilhelm von Kaulbach. Lemcke & Buechner.
Phillpotts, Eden, and Arnold Bennett. Doubloons. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Porter, Thomas E. City Songs and Country Carols. Boston: The Gorham Press.
Pratt, Agnes Louise. Aunt Sarah. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Prost, J. C. Alfred. Deux Œuvres de Greuze.—Les Services Postaux Français. Paris.
Proverbs of Solomon, The Century Co. $1.
Raine, Allen. Queen of the Rushes. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Ramsden, Lady Guendolen. Correspondence of Two Brothers. Longmans. $4 net.
Rideout, Henry Milner. Beached Keels. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Roach, Abby Meguire. Some Successful Marriages. Harpers. $1.25.
Roosevelt, Theodore. Im Reiche der Hinterwäldler. Übersetzt von Max Kullnick. Berlin.
Rosebery, Lord. Lord Randolph Churchill. Harpers. $2.25 net.
Riedl, Frederick. A History of Hungarian Literature. Appleton. $1.75 net.
Salmon, Lucy Maynard. Progress in the House hold. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Sanders, F. K. and H. T. Fowler. Outlines of Biblical History and Literature. Scribners. $1.25. net.
Sargent, Dudley A. Physical Education. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50 net.
Scott's Old Mortality. Edited by Hereford B. George. Henry Frowde.
Shackford, Martha Hale. A First Book of Poetics. Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.
Sigerson, Dora. The Story and Song of Black Roderick. Harpers.
Simons, Emogene Sanford. First Year English. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Sincère, C. Un Royaliste Français. Paris.
Singleton, Esther. Historic Buildings of America. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Skinner, Robert P. Abyssinia of To-day. Longmans. $3 net.
Smith, G. Le Blanc. Haddon. London: Elliot Stock.
Starling, Ernest H. Recent Advances in the Physiology of Digestion. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co. $2.
Staunton, Schuyler. Daughters of Destiny. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.
Stickney, Albert. Organized Democracy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Studies in Philosophy and Psychology. By former students of C. E. Garman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Sweden. Edited by the Swedish Tourist Traffic Society. Stockholm.
Taylor, Mary Imlay. The Impersonator. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Thompson, R. Wardlaw. Griffith John: The Story of Fifty Years in China. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2 net.
Tomlinson, Everett T. Marching against the Iroquois. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Torrey, Bradford. Friends on the Shelf. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Townsend, Edward Waterman. *Our Constitution.* Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.
Van Dyke, Henry. The Friendly Year. Scribners. $1.25.
Voyages of Columbus and Cabot. Edited by Julius E. Olson. Scribners. $3 net.
Wade, Blanche Elizabeth. The Stained Glass Lady. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Walker, Margaret Coulson. Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Wallace, Lew. An Autobiography. 2 vols. Harpers.
Weyman, Stanley J. Chippinge Borough. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Whitcomb, Ida Prentice. Young People's Story of Art. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
White, Fred M. The Slave of Silence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Whitney, Anne. Poems. Privately printed. The Merrymount Press. $1.50.
Whitney, J. Parker. Reminiscences of a Sportsman. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Williams, Egerton R., jr. Ridolfo: The Coming of the Dawn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Williams, Sarah Stone. The Man from London Town. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. Rosemary in Search of a Father. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Wilson, Calvin Dill. Canterbury Tales in Simple Language.—The Faery Queen in Simple Language. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Wingenroth, Max. Angelico da Fiesole. Lemcke & Buechner.
Work, John M. What's So and What Isn't. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

A Political History of the State of New York

By D. S. ALEXANDER. 2 vols., 800 pp., $5.00 net, carriage 40 cents

THE NATION says: "A very useful history. . . . If it were not as well done a it is, the fact that it covers a practically unoccupied field would give the book a certain value. . . . Enlivened and enriched by numerous pen-pictures of New York politicians and statesmen, which constitute what are perhaps the most valuable, as well as the most entertaining portions. The style is terse and clear. Good use is made of anecdotes and reminiscences . . . breaks away absolutely from the annalistic form."

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 29 W. 23d St. NEW YORK

Lord Acton and His Circle

Edited by Abbot GASQUET, O.S.B. Large 8vo. With Photogravure Portrait. 460 pages. $4.50 net.

*** The volume contains nearly two hundred letters of ACTON'S, mostly on literature and religion. Abbot GASQUET as editor supplies a sympathetic monograph on the periodicals ACTON and his friends conducted between the years 1858 and 1875. Alike for learning, for industry, and for conscience, ACTON must rank among foremost editors—this, at least, is the opinion expressed by the Abbot. Some important Newman correspondence also is published for the first time.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., New York

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Cloth, 50 cents; leather, $1.00. List on request.
E. P. DUTTON & CO. - - NEW YORK

LIBRARIAN.—Old and Rare Books put in order and catalogued. Americana a specialty. A. P. SANFORD, 443 La Salle Ave., Chicago.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FOR THE BOOKISH

JUST PUBLISHED

Christopher Columbus

AND THE NEW WORLD OF HIS DISCOVERY

By FILSON YOUNG

Two Volumes. Octavo. Cloth, gilt tops. $6.50 net, per set.

In this important and exhaustive work, upon which Mr. Young has been engaged for some time, the object has been to disentangle the somewhat unfamiliar figure of Columbus from the net of controversy and historical argument which has surrounded him and to present the man himself in a narrative of strong, human and picturesque interest.

The volumes contain maps and illustrations; a photogravure portrait of Columbus; and a picture in colors of a caraval, such as Columbus must have sailed in, from a painting by Norman Wilkinson. Earl of Dunraven has also contributed a note on the navigation of Columbus's first voyage.

READY SHORTLY *A NEW VOLUME*

French Men of Letters Series

Edited by ALEXANDER JESSUP, Litt.D.

Each volume contains a frontispiece portrait of its subject, and an adequate index

12mo, cloth, paper label, $1.50 net, per volume, postpaid, $1.60.

Honoré de Balzac. This latest addition to Balzac critical literature is a very exhaustive study by M. Ferdinand Brunetière, commonly recognized as the ablest living critic of French literature.

A SPLENDID VOLUME

THE

Drawings of Jean Francois Millet

Fifty Facsimile Reproductions of The Master's Work. With an Introductory Essay.

The edition is numbered and limited to One Hundred and Forty Copies, Imperial Quarto, for the United States. One Hundred and Twenty Copies, numbered, and bound in buckram, $20.00 net, each. Twenty copies, printed on hand-made paper and bound in vellum, gilt, forming an *edition de luxe*, will be sold at $25.00 net, each.

THE NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF

SHAKESPEARE

Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

THIS edition, prepared by one of the foremost living Shakespearian scholars, is the result of more than thirty-five years of careful preparation. It represents the life-work of an American scholar of the highest type, whose learning, painstaking labor, and critical judgment are lauded throughout the literary world—not only by American and English Shakespearian scholars, but by those of the countries of continental Europe as well.

The new Variorum Edition is without question the most complete in existence, as it is an edition in which the various textual readings and editorial observations of the editions that have preceded it are recorded.

"These monumental volumes are the admiration of every true student of Shakespeare," says Dr. William Aldis Wright

THE FOURTEEN VOLUMES WHICH HAVE THUS FAR APPEARED ARE

Macbeth, Revised Edition by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.
King Lear
Othello
The Merchant of Venice
Romeo and Juliet
The Tempest
A Midsummer Night's Dream
As You Like It
Hamlet (Two Volumes)
The Winter's Tale
Twelfth Night
Much Ado About Nothing
Love's Labour's Lost

IN PREPARATION

Antony and Cleopatra, and **Richard the Third,** Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.

Royal Octavo, gilt top, uncut edges, $4.00 net pev volume. Half morocco, gilt top, $5.00 net per volume.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, Philadelphia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED